Gent

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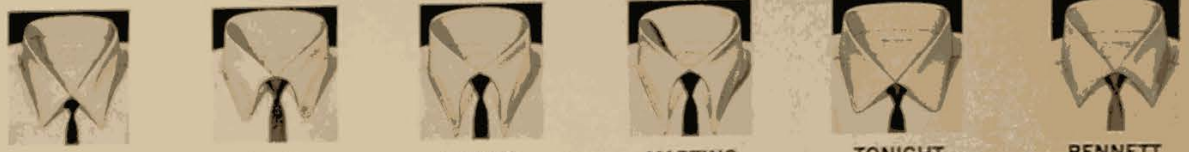

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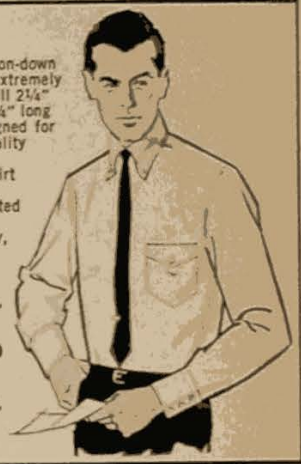

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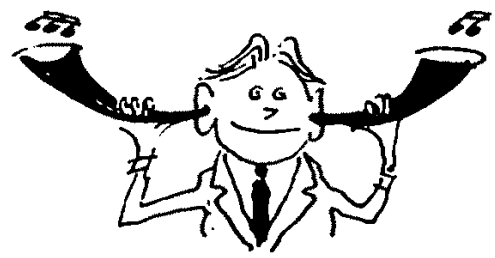

W.R. FITZSIMMONS

It was the winter of 1961. Dylan was only 21 years old, but already he had sung his way through half the states in the country. He had run away from Chicago when he was 10, traveled with a Texas carnival when he was 13, and thumbed his way for the next seven years from South Dakota to New Mexico, from Kansas to California. He had come a long way East, mainly to visit the legendary Woody Guthrie lying ill in a New Jersey hospital. A few months later, Dylan's raw-edged voice and the wildness of his words created a new cult among the enthusiasts who gather at Gerde's Folk City in Greenwich Village.

"He may," wrote Robert Shelton in the New York *Times*, "mumble the text of 'House of the Rising Sun' in a scarcely understandable growl or sob, or clearly enunciate the poetic poignancy of a Blind Lemon Jefferson blues . . . but his music-making has the mark or originality and inspiration, all the more noteworthy for his youth. Mr. Dylan is vague about his antecedents and birthplace, but it matters less where he has been than where he is going, and that would seem to be straight up."

In the fall of the same year, 1961, Dylan made his first album for Columbia. After *Bob Dylan* was released the *Saturday Review* said the record had presented "one of the most creative and communicative of folk artists since Woody Guthrie."

Dylan's unique personality has imposed itself on popular music throughout the world. In 1964 Dylan won two British awards, Best Folk Music Record and Most Outstanding Newcomer to Records; and not long ago the singer completed his second tour of England. His extended series of appearances in England, topped by two concerts at the Albert Hall in London, made Dylan the most important new entertainer in Great Britain.

As a fold poet–Bob Dylan has no equal. His songs or "stories," as he calls them, have been sung and recorded by Odetta, Marlene Dietrich, Peter, Paul and Mary, The Kingston Trio, Ian and Sylvia, The Chad Mitchell Trio, Bobby Darin, Pete Seeger, and Judy Collins. Joan Baez is preparing an album of all-Dylan material. As Robert Shelton of the *Times* has noted, "Dylan breaks all the rules of song-writing except that of having something to say and saying it stunningly."

With a mussed shock of hair topping a gaunt face, with beat-up blue jeans, boots and wrinkled shirts, Dylan presents an outlandish, Chaplinesque appearance. He accompanies himself with a driving guitar and a harmonica that compliments the sometimes bleak wail or guttural murmur of his voice. Though Dylan has been influenced by many people —Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Big Bill Broonzy, Hank Williams, Muddy Waters, Jelly Roll Morton, Mance Lipscomb, Big Joe Williams—the young singer's style is very much his own.

The wild popularity of folk music has seen the rise of dozens of young singers, and although Dylan certainly isn't the first he is probably the best. In fact, his style is so distinctive that it defies classification. As Pete Seeger once said, "He'll be America's greatest troubador—if he doesn't explode."

Born in Duluth, Minnesota, on May 24, 1941 [so he says] Bob Dylan lived for most of his first 16 years in Hibbing, Minnesota, a mining town "way up on the Canadian border." Writing in *My Life in a Stolen Minute*, Dylan said, "Hibbing's a good ol' town. I ran away from it when I was 10, 12, 13, 15, 15 1/2, 17 an' 18. I been caught an' brought back all but once."

Dylan's first jaunt was to Chicago. When the police found him, the 10-year-old runaway had gotten his first guitar from the friend of a street singer on the South Side. By 15 he'd taught himself piano, autoharp and harmonica, and had written his first song, dedicated to Brigitte Bardot. Dylan graduated from high school in Hibbing and attended the University of Minnesota for a little less than six months. At the University he says he learned that "lots of people go to college."

"From God knows where," commented a critic for the San Francisco *Examiner*, "Dylan has absorbed, engorged or engulfed all the techniques of the unlettered greats of the folk song tradition, including the rich strain of Negro contribution to the culture."

Dylan's explanation: "Open up your eyes an' ears an' yer influenced —an' there's nothing you can do about it. I just seem to draw into whatever comes my way and it comes out me."

GENT

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AFTER FIVE

ERIC RAND

Comfortable, easy and friendly, Charley O's is essentially a man's place: oaken panels, dark-green walls, high beamed ceilings, mahogany alcoves, and its long, long (forty foot) bar give it the atmosphere of a club. Its general appearance is reminiscent of famous pre-Prohibition New York dining places such as Rector's, Delmonico's, or Churchill's, while the bar itself is very much like those of Dublin city. Charley O's is in three parts. First and foremost is the bar, watched over by portraits of its two patron saints, W.C. Fields and Jack Norton (what better drinking companions could one ask for?) Between the pub and the restaurant is a stand-up buffet, manned by the chief carver, for hearty sandwiches, a ready hot dish, a mug of coffee for 5¢, or Irish coffee at any time of day. One can polish off his quick meal right here or carry it to the regular bar for an accompanying Irish brew. The 150-seat dining room, while more formal, is still strongly masculine, with etched-glass panels and soft side lamps. On the walls is a collection of famous quotes, accompanied by portraits of their authors. Among the gallery are A.J. Liebling, Oscar Wilde, Alexander Woollcott, Robert Benchley, Marianne Moore, Mark Twain and others. The menu at Charley O's points up the fact that much of what has come to be known as American cuisine is drawn from Irish forebears. Porterhouse steak for two is far and away the most popular item, with steak, kidney and oyster pie a close second. Other favorites include baked shrimp, corned beef and cabbage, Irish stew and dumplings, bay scallops, fried prawns and steamed finnan haddie. For starters, Charley O's bean soup, pigs knuckles and soused shrimp are strong favorites. A popular dessert is whiskey cream pie (made with Irish whiskey, of course) and there are Stilton and white cheddar cheeses, a chocolate-mousse cake and Charley O's Irish Coffee or Irish Mist Coffee made in the true Gaelic manner, with thick cream floating on top. Things are casual at Charley O's at Sunday Brunch. Ties are not required, and the Brunch Hour extends from noon till sundown. After an eye-opener of Irish Milk Punch, or perhaps a Champagne Orange or two, Brunch at Charley O's begins with a choice of fruits, such as chilled melon with ground ginger, or porridge oats with honey and cream, hot clam broth, or clam and tomato cocktail. For the main course there are a variety of offerings, including thick-cut Irish bacon and eggs, poached eggs and tomatoes with cheddar sauce, glazed apple pancake, and minute steak and eggs. All come with a choice of breads, including freshly baked scones. For a final touch, there is Barmbrack, a fruited coffee cake. And, of course, Irish Coffee is always available. Imported lagers and beers are served, including Harp and Bass on draught as well as Guinness' and Watney's Red Barrel. There are John Jameson, Bushmill's, Paddy's and Old Limerick Irish whiskies and John Powers and Cork Irish gins. Charley O's opens for lunch at 11 A.M., with dinner from 6 P.M. and supper until very late. Sunday Brunch from noon till sundown.

EL FONDA DEL SOL: Inspired by the bright decor and informal atmosphere of the fondas (inns) found throughout Latin America, La Fonda del Sol combines authentic Latin American decor and cuisine in a lighthearted, gay and colorful manner. La Fonda's seven rooms are filled with hundreds of examples of folk art imported from South America, Central America and Mexico, many of them made especially for the restaurant. The bright colors of the folk art are reflected in the native costumes of the waiters and in the gaily-hued pinatas suspended from the ceiling. The sun (el sol) has traditionally been the unique blending symbol of all Latin America. Three suns decorate La Fonda, the largest a huge mural, eleven feet in diameter, made of 401 spangles in seven different shades of gold. If you like Latin flavored food, you can't do better than La Fonda del Sol. It has everything a reasonable man could ask for: a mixed grill from Brazil, Peruvian seafood salad, Mexican guacomole, to name but a few. Steaks, chicken, chops and roast beef are among the meats prepared at a 25-foot "broiling wall" inspired by the Argentines, who were the first to broil steaks over charcoal in this hemisphere. At the Sunday Fiesta at La Fonda, entertainers, guitarists, mariachis, flamenco dancers, singers, provide fun throughout the entire day.

WINE, WOMEN & SEX

JAMES S. BROOKS

We'd like to set forth a few ideas not found in Frank Schoonmaker's exhaustive *Encyclopedia of Wine*. This by no means should be taken as a slight to Schoonmaker or his opus. Schoonmaker probably knows more about wine than anybody who has ever stayed sober enough to write about it.

But we are disinclined to agree with a current ad for the Schoonmaker book which baldly states: "Answers every question a literate wine-lover can ask."

Not *every* question, friend.

It doesn't even venture into that fascinating field of what particular effects certain wines are apt to have upon different persons in variable conditions.

The connoisseur certainly will admit that the subject is a fascinating one; it becomes even compelling if the effects being studied are those of vintage-year bottled products upon young untrammeled women.

If this idea occurred to Schoonmaker at all, he probably decided that it lay a little outside the vineyards of wine appreciation and properly should be planted somewhere in the fields of parapsychology.

Well, he might be right. The guidelines we intend to draw here do not come with any iron-clad guarantee that if you just follow the directions you'll inevitably end up in the situation you choose with the lady of your choice.

All seducers are forced to make a very unpleasant admission from time to time. Human beings being the contrary creatures they are (and women even more so), one is bound occasionally to have the shattering experience of running into a girl who liked the wine, all right. But she can't fully appreciate *your* merits. It can be for such whimsical reasons as your year

or, forbid the thought, bouquet. (Something your best friend won't tell you.)

In sum, a way hasn't yet been devised whereby the connoisseur can order his women with as much certainty as he does his wines; unless, of course, he happens to be in a bordello. In which case, these helpful hints would undoubtedly be as useless to him as would Schoonmaker's book. But in the interest of the parapsychological aspects of the science of seduction, via wine, we'd like to offer a compilation of ideas which some of the more successful winesmen have found joyfully useful.

First, it should be stated that the wine should serve as a useful aide to one's purpose—a tool, as it were, instead of a barrier. Wine is such a formidable subject that it can, under some circumstances, serve to gain the upper hand and become master of the situation.

Don't let it. Now, for example, we know red wines generally speaking are considered ideal companions for red meats, game and cheese. Lighter bodied reds can also go with ham, pork, lobster, roast duckling, Italian food and hearty veal or lamb dishes. The rules, formulated by the experience of generations of wine lovers, say the reds should be served at room temperature, the whites chilled.

These same rules say that whites go with light meats, chicken, turkey, fish, oysters, clams and crabs. But nobody says it's against the law to violate any of these rules. If it amuses you—but, much more important, if it amuses your *date*—don't feel encumbered by the rules. Experiment if you feel inclined. Wines are made for enjoyment: If drinking wine is to be a dreary process of making sure you stick to some code of behavior, you'd do better to stick to beer.

For changes *do* occur in wine fashions. These days, for instance, it's quite fashionable to order vermouth, sweet or dry, on the rocks with a twist of lemon as an aperitif. Now, it'd be hard to imagine the consternation this practice caused when it first came to the attention of the "inner circle" of connoisseurs. *Barbaric*, they said. Until they'd tried it.

The point is, somebody had to be experimental enough first to try it. And being a man of conviction, he donated to the wine world a decent enough new drink.

Getting away from wine on the rocks, let's warm up to our subject by first paying our respects to domestic wines so no one will accuse us of being un-American. We say if your date is, more than anything, a patriotic girl, by all means order a good American wine. There are many of these, some comparable to the best produced in the vineyards of France.

To mention just a couple, Taylor's in New York produces some extremely interesting white wines and some quite passable champagnes. Speaking in generalities, New York wine is more authoritative among the whites and champagnes, while California finds favor for its reds. If your all-American girl orders something from the menu calling for a red wine, why not choose among Paul Masson's array of Cabernet Sauvignon, Gamay Beaujolais or Pinot Noir—

A whole article—or book, for that matter—could be devoted to the excellence of American wines versus the imported ones. And the reason we're forced to skip by the domestic wines so fast is that most gilrs encountered by the seducer are apt to assume, quite wrongly, that the imported bottle is always the best.

Since the soft prelude to seduction is no time for harsh nationalistic notes, the seducer will do better not to argue and to trample in the vineyards of the older wine countries.

Having made this decision, if she is a conventional sophisticate by all means order a fine French wine. Done properly this will subtly flatter her as a tacit recognition of her knowledge and desirability.

Nothing can beat a great Burgundy for this purpose. If the lady is ordering meat, say boeuf, brochette, chevreuil or cote d'agneau, mention some of the great names of Burgundy, such as Nuits St. Georges, Corton, Romanee Conti, Chambertin, Pommard, Musigny or Beaune.

If she's a calory-counter, bemuse her by ordering a "light-bodied" wine. Beaujolais, among the Burgundies, is famous for its light quality and beautiful color. You can further flatter your friend—at some expense—by insisting on one of the truly great years of the Burgundies: 1945, 1947, 1949, 1952. This is by no means necessary. But, unless you're willing to settle for something far from the best, avoid the years '44, '51, '56 and '58.

If your date is restless and likes to travel, give her a vicarious journey through Bordeaux wine country, stopping by such villages as St. Julien, St. Emilion, St. Estephe, Pauillac and Margaux, and picking up a bottle of the local wine named after each village.

Bordeaux wines as a rule are somewhat more tart than the Burgundies; yet they have a seductively delicate flavor. Providing you don't mind the expense, when you're selecting from the Red Bordeaux—often referred to as clarets—choose one of the Chateau wines. There are hundreds of these wines, all bottled by the owner at his own Chateau—"mise en bouteilles au Chateau," as the label reads on the bottle. But, in 1855, about 75 of these were designated as the finest.

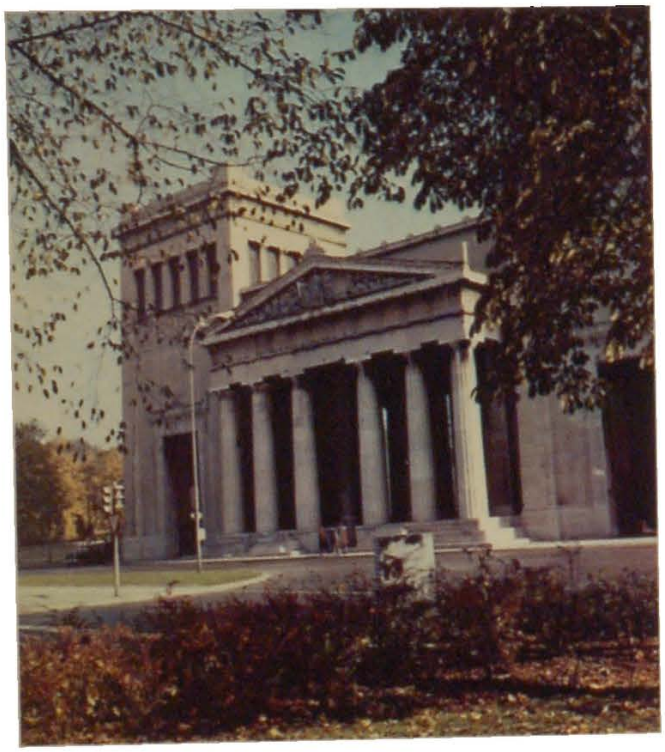
If she's impressionable, ask for one of the really outstanding ones, such as Chauteau Latrou, Chateau Haut Brion, Chateau Mouton Rothschild or Chateau Lafite Rothschild. Going even further, if you want to be finicky demand a 1947, a 1949 or a 1953. All you really have to remember, however, is to avoid the '56s and '58s.

A Rhone wine might come to your rescue if your companion is a drinker and has consumed a couple of pre-dinner martinies—presumably with *you*. Usually this is fatal to the taste buds' ability to appreciate good wine to the fullest; but these big Rhones are able to take care of themselves. They have that big-bodied flavor that the beer ads brag about and can stand up to pre-dinner drinks much better than either Burgundies or Bordeaux.

The greatest Rhone wine, in this author's opinion, is Chateauneuf de Pape. The best years ar '47, '52 and '55. There were no *bad* years after the war year of '41, which played hell with the grapes as well as all other living things.

If your traveling companion is the adventuresome type who strays from the boeuf highway and orders seafood, chicken, or a veal dish, such as escalopes de veau a la royale, show her you can match her mile-for-mile as a winesman. Order Chablis, the driest of the white Burgundies. It seems made to order with oysters and such delicacies as coquilles St. Jacques. Or, if you're secretly looking for a less expensive substitute, try Macon Blanc.

(continued on page 40)



MUNICH

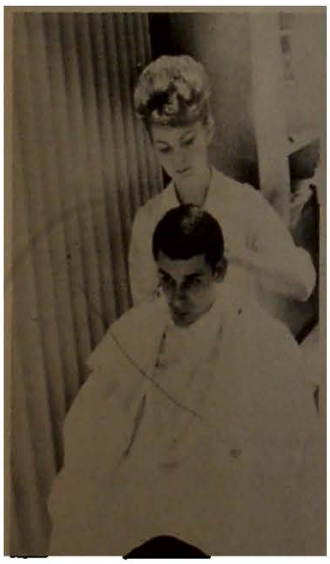
MUNICH, THE CAPITAL OF BAVARIA, HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS THE CITY OF PERPETUAL FUN AND THE PARIS PART OF GERMANY, WHICH IS TRUE. BUT THERE IS MUCH MORE TO MUNICH--MUCH MORE. IT IS GERMANY AT ITS VERY BEST, MEANING THAT HERE IS ONE GERMAN CITY WHERE THE GOOSESTEP WAS ALWAYS SOMEWHAT OUT OF STYLE AND NEVER MORE SO THAN IN THE SWINGING SIXTIES. IT'S AS IF THE CITIZENS OF MUNICH WERE DETERMINED TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THE DRAB YEARS BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE WAR BY TURNING THEIR CITY INTO THE

LAUGHING, LUSTY, FREEWHEELING KIND OF PLACE THAT ALL EUROPE TRIES TO IMITATE.

HOLLYWOOD MAY NOT LIKE THIS, BUT THE FACT IS THAT NOT EVERY STARLET IN EUROPE WANTS TO COME TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. MOVIE NEWCOMERS LIKE SABINA SESSELMANN (BELOW) ARE HAVING TOO GOOD A TIME IN MUNICH WHERE THE COMPETITION IS BRISK BUT NOT AS CUT-THROAT AS IT IS AMONG THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES. IN RECENT YEARS A NUMBER OF HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS HAVE BEEN MAKING MOVIES IN MUNICH AND ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE TRIED HARD THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO IMPOSE THOSE BARBAROUS EARLY-MORNING CALLS AND RIGID WORK SCHEDULES ON THE PLEASURE LOVING MUNICH SET. OH, THEY GET THE MOVIES MADE ALL RIGHT; THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT IN MUNICH THERE IS LITTLE OF THAT OVERRATED EFFICIENCY THAT THAT CHARACTERIZES SO MUCH OF MODERN GERMANY. THEY REALLY DO BELIEVE THAT ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JOHANN A DULL BOY.

EVEN WITHOUT THE WILDLY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, MUNICH WOULD BE AN INTERESTING PLACE FOR BEER DRINKERS, AND IF YOU KNOW ANY REAL DEDICATED GERMAN BEER DRINKERS, THEN YOU ALSO KNOW HOW SERIOUSLY THEY TAKE THEIR FUN. TO A REAL BEER BUFF A STEIN OF THE BLESSED BREW ISN'T JUST SOMETHING WET TO COOL ONE'S THIRST. IT'S THE STAFF OF LIFE, THE ICING ON THE CAKE, THE McCOY. NOTHING IS MORE PLEASING THAN TO SEE A WAGON LOADED WITH LOWENBRAU.

INTERNATIONAL MOVIE STAR LAYA RAKI (BELOW) HAS WORKED IN THE U.S., ENGLAND AND ITALY, BUT SHE LISTS GERMANY, AND MUNICH IN PARTICULAR, AS HER FAVORITE PLACE FOR LIVING AND MOVIE MAKING. UNLIKE THE OLDER MOVIE COLONIES IN OTHER COUNTRIES, THE MUNICH MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY HAS NOT BECOME A CLOSED SHOP HOSTILE TO NEWCOMERS WITH NEW TALENTS AND NEW IDEAS. PERHAPS THE BACK-STABBING AND THE "STAR SYSTEM" WILL COME WITH TIME. RIGHT NOW, HOWEVER, MUNICH IS HAVING TOO MUCH FUN TO TAKE MOVIES SERIOUSLY, WHICH IS AS IT SHOULD BE.



19-year old Hannedore Knop, one of Munich's finest, works on the hair of young swinger Vwaie Narloch at city railroad terminal barbershop. Young German men now aspire to things better than barbering, so the profession is gradually being taken over by women. We predict that in Munich at least men will soon return to the traditional haircut-every-two-weeks.

LIKE PARIS AND COPENHAGEN, MUNICH IS A CITY OF CAFES. THE OLDER CROWD REMAINS FAITHFUL TO BEER; THE YOUNG HIP SET LEAN TOWARD LIGHTER BEVERAGES (LIGHTER IN TASTE IF NOT IN CALORIES) SUCH AS RICH BLACK COFFEE TOPPED BY WHIPPED CREAM. HERE HEDY BORGWARD (ABOVE), AN 18-YEAR OLD TELEPHONE OPERATOR, HAS SOME OF THIS MARVELOUS COFFEE WHILE HER FRIEND, STUDENT WILHELM WERNER SETTLES FOR A LIGHT RHINE WINE. INCIDENTALLY, WHILE MUNICH AND GERMANY AS A WHOLE ARE FAMOUS FOR BEER, THE HIP TRAVELER SHOULD MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT TO TRY SOME OF THE FINE GERMAN WINES. SOME ARE AS GOOD IF NOT BETTER THAN CERTAIN HIGHLY PUBLICIZED FRENCH WINES. SINCE THE FRENCH MAKE SOME WONDERFUL BEER, IT ONLY STANDS TO REASON THAT THE GERMANS CAN PRODUCE SOME GREAT WINES. BUT WHATEVER YOUR DRINKING PLEASURE IS, BE IT BEER, WINE OR SCHNAPPS, YOU WILL BE SURE TO FIND IT IN MUNICH. AND IF YOU ARE A TRAVELER FAR FROM HOME BUT WITH NO INCLINATION TO BE LONESOME YOU WILL FIND THAT THE COMPANY IN MUNICH IS JUST AS SATISFYING AS THE BOOZE.

THIS MAN IS THE CONTENTED OWNER OF ONE OF MUNICH'S SWINGINGEST NIGHTCLUBS, "THE JAZZ HOT." TONY ANTONY IS ONE OF THOSE CONTINENTAL CLUB OWNERS YOU SEE IN OLD FOREIGN INTRIGUE MOVIES: HE HAS BEEN EVERYWHERE AND DONE EVERYTHING AND LOOKING AT HIM YOU JUST KNOW HE'S THE SORT OF GUY BOGART WOULD HAVE KNOWN BACK IN THE OLD DAYS IN CASABLANCA.

EVEN IF YOU HAVEN'T READ THE "BERLIN" NOVELS OF CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, YOU PROBABLY ARE HIP ABOUT GERMAN NIGHTCLUBS IN GENERAL. WHEN IT COMES TO "SELF EXPRESSION" (THIS WILL HAVE TO DO FOR WANT OF A BETTER WORD) THE PERFORMERS AND SOME OF THE PATRONS IN THESE AFTER-DARK PLAYPENS MAKE THE PARIS CROWD SEEM LIKE A BUNCH OF MAIDENS PLAYING "NERVOUS NELLIE" IN THE BATHTUB. WE MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU NOW: IF YOU ARE EVEN SEVEN PER CENT SQUARE, YOU SHOULD GO BACK TO YOUR HOTEL EARLY AND DRINK SOME HOT MILK AND WATCH THE CARTWRIGHTS (IN GERMAN) ON TV. STAY AWAY FROM THESE NAUGHTY PLACES UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

SOME OF THE PERFORMANCES IN THE MUNICH NIGHTCLUBS WOULD SHOCK YOUR MAIDEN AUNT BUT THEN OF COURSE THIS KIND OF FUN WASN'T PLANNED WITH YOUR DEAR OLD AUNTIE SARAH IN MIND. WICKED UNCLES LIKE IT JUST FINE

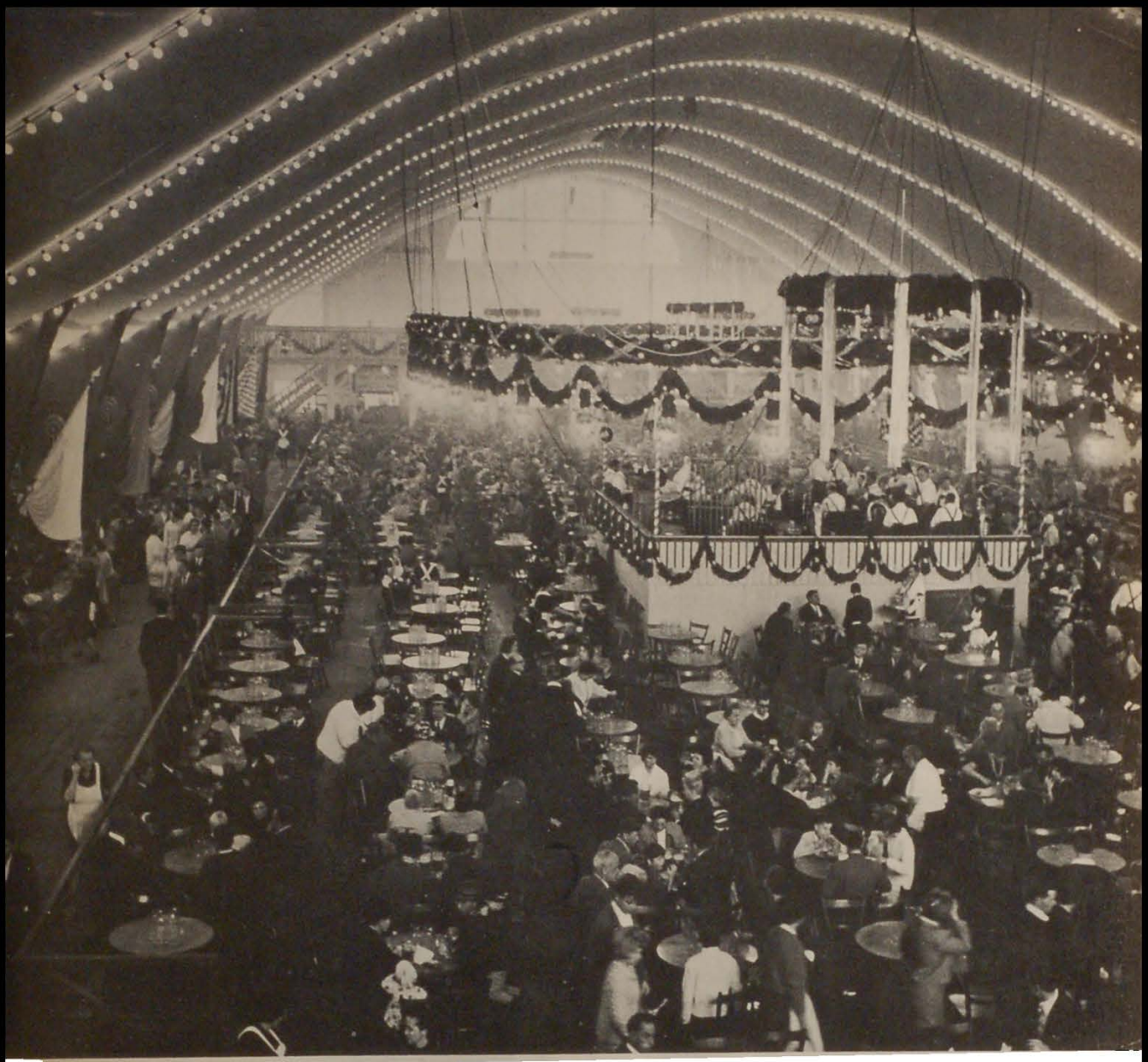
MOVIE STARLET SABINA SESSELMANN WILL SOON BE GIVING ELKE SOMMER AND OTHERS SOME DANGEROUS COMPETITION. AND SHE CAN ACT, TOO, WHICH MAKES HER A RATHER UNUSUAL STARLET. A SUPER SAXON TYPE (SHE IS PART DANISH ON HER FATHER'S SIDE OF THE FAMILY), SABINA HAS BEEN IN SIX FILMS TO DATE, SINCE IN EUROPE THEY DON'T JUST SIGN UP STARLETS AND LET THEM SIT AROUND WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN. SABINA COMES FROM THE TOWN OF MITTENWALD, IN BAVARIA. IT'S A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PLACE OF ABOUT NINE THOUSAND PEOPLE IN THE ISAR VALLEY. ONE GUIDE BOOK DESCRIBES IT AS "UNABASHEDLY QUAINT" AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS. BUT THERE IS NOTHING QUAINT ABOUT SABINA. SHE'S AS MODERN AS A JAGUAR XK-E AND HER LINES ARE EQUALLY SLEEK. SHE JUST HAS TO GO PLACES FAST.

THOUGH MANY EUROPEAN CITIES CLAIM TO HAVE THE BEST LOOKING GIRLS, MUNICH ISN'T JUST BOASTING. IT REALLY DOES HAVE STUNNING GIRLS, AND THEY ARE NOT ALL IN THE MOVIES OR IN MODELING. TAKE HEIDI LINZT (RIGHT) AS JUST ONE EXAMPLE. HEIDI IS EIGHTEEN, HAS BLOND HAIR AND BLUE EYES, AND WE'LL BET YOU DON'T KNOW MANY OFFICE GIRLS WHO LOOK THAT GOOD. IN MUNICH THOUSANDS OF GIRLS LIKE HEIDI MAKE THE CITY THE

SORT OF YEAR-ROUND PARTY PLACE THAT PARIS WAS BEFORE IT WENT ALL-OUT COMMERCIAL. THIS IS NOT TO SUGGEST THAT THE MILLION INHABITANTS OF MUNICH GO OUT PARTYING EVERY NIGHT. BUT EVEN IF THEY DON'T MAKE LIKE LA DOLCE VITA EVERY NIGHT, THEY DO MANAGE TO GIVE THE ANCIENT CITY OF MUNCHEN A MARVELOUSLY FESTIVE AIR. THE GREAT THING ABOUT MUNICH IS THAT NO MATTER WHAT YOU COMPARE IT TO IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING ELSE, TOO. IF YOU ARE HIPPED ON CULTURE, THEN YOU WILL DISCOVER THAT MUNICH HAS MORE ART GALLERIES, MUSEUMS, LIBRARIES, AND THEATERS THAN YOU WILL EVER HAVE TIME TO VISIT EVEN IF YOU ARE INCLINED TO WASTE TIME WHEN YOU COULD BE DRINKING BEER (AND MUNICH CERTAINLY IS THE RIGHT PLACE FOR BEER) AND CHASING GIRLS (AND MUNICH CERTAINLY IS THE RIGHT PLACE FOR GIRLS). DID YOU KNOW THAT MUNICH HAS THE LARGEST ZOO IN EUROPE, THE TIERPARK HELLABRUNN? IF THAT DOESN'T INTEREST YOU, PERHAPS YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT SOME OF THE BEST LOOKING GIRLS IN EUROPE, IN THE WHOLE WORLD, CAN BE SEEN PROMENADING IN THE CITY'S MOST FAMOUS PARK, THE FANTASTIC ENGLISCHE GARTEN.

THIS GIRL'S NAME IS UTA DONNERMAN, A MUNICH-BORN STARLET/MODEL/FOLKSINGER/ AND FORMER COFFEE HOUSE WAITRESS SOON TO BE SEEN BY U.S. AUDIENCES IN THE AMERICAN-FINANCED, GERMAN-MADE MOVIE "THE TRIPLE AGENT," ALL ABOUT THE COLD WAR, THE BERLIN WALL. UTA SAYS THERE ARE TOO MANY GRIM PICTURES ABOUT MODERN GERMANY. SHE WOULD LIKE TO DO A DORIS DAY KIND OF FLICK.

EVEN IN PARIS THE OUTDOOR ADVERTISING FOR THE EROTICA NIGHTCLUB WOULD CAUSE SOME RAISED EYEBROWS. IN MUNICH WHICH HAS A REMARKABLY CASUAL ATTITUDE TOWARD SEX, THE EROTICA CLUB IS ALL JUST PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT SCENE. WHEN THE EROTICA MANAGEMENT PROMISES POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS THAT 20 "NICES" GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU, THEY KNOW THEY MUST NOT BE TAKEN LITERALLY. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE THE TWENTY GIRLS WILL BE GOOD LOOKING. ONE THING YOU DON'T NEED TO PACK WHEN YOU TRAVEL TO MUNICH IS A SENSE OF PRUDERY.



THEY DO EVERYTHING BIG IN MUNICH. THEY PLAY HARDER THAN ANY OTHER CITY IN THE WORLD. THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING GOING ON. FOR INSTANCE, THE WILD CHRISTMAS SEASON IS HARDLY OVER BEFORE THE MADNESS OF "FASCHING" TAKES HOLD OF THE CITY. AFTER THAT THERE ARE THE EARLY SPRING BEER FESTIVALS, THE STARK BIERZEIT AND MAI BOCK. TOWARD THE END OF SPRING ANOTHER CRAZY ROUND OF FESTIVALS AND FAIRS BEGINS. AND IF THAT ISN'T ENOUGH FOR YOU, THERE IS ALWAYS THE WILD AND WINGING OKTOBERFEST, ALL BEER AND MUSIC AND SENTIMENTALITY AND AFTER THAT, IT'S CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE

The popular opinion of the American co-ed is that she is the world's ideal girl. Fresh-faced and bursting with high spirits ready to dance the night away, good enough at tennis to give a man a game but never silly enough to beat him, and anxious to improve her mind as well as her body, she is the perfect all-around specimen of bursting womanhood. But all this is nonsense. In fact, the American co-ed is simply a twentieth century embodiment, in a special kind of mould, of eternal woman whose single minded purpose is to carry on the race and who will be as cunning and ruthless as she needs to be to do it.

To begin with, the American co-ed is not in college to learn anything; that is about the courses she is allegedly studying. Their purpose is to provide her with a framework in which she can meet men. With the men, she flexes her sexual muscles. And from the experience thus gained, she goes on to pick out the one who will suit her best as a husband, persuading herself, if she's lucky, that she's in love with him.

The average co-ed goes through three main stages. First comes the freshman. She is probably away from home for the first time. She is free from mummy's pre-occupations with her morals and from daddy's ill concealed resentment toward her dates. Moreover, she is surrounded by limitless vistas of men, all as anxious to flex their sexual muscles as she. Her first reaction is like that of a child in a candy store: she grabs at everything in sight.

The average freshman, unless she is an outstanding knockout, will go out with practically everybody who asks her, provided he has a nose. She will go to every party she hears of and be thrilled when the lights go out. She will also permit exploratory necking, on an indiscriminate basis. Like a man who is planning to buy a car and takes different models for test drives, she wants to try out as many varieties of men as possible, to study their performance and, meanwhile, to improve her own. Anyone who cannot, on his second date with a freshman, get his hand three quarters of the way up her legs, out to be in a monastery.

But by her sophomore year, the co-ed's attitude begins to change. She becomes aware that she is not just in college to mess around; she is there to ge a husband, for never again will she be plunged in among so many eligible men. She remembers that one out of three co-eds get married before they graduate, and another third get engaged. But by this second year, the co-ed also realizes that the game is a lot trickier than it looked when she was just horsing around and going for midnight swims.

It is, in fact, very complicated. In the first place, the co-ed must let her dates go a certain distance or they'll quite dating her. On the other hand, she must retain the reputation for purity which every red-blooded American male who has for years tired to seduce every girl he meets naturally expects from the one he marries. Moreover, the co-ed comes to understand that all the other co-eds are in ruthless competition for the better men, and, if they get a chance, will cut her throat as readily as they'd step on a cockroach. "Oh, Jeanie," they'll say to their date with a worried expression. "I simply adore her. She's loads of fun and a great dancer. But you should see the mess in her closet and she only takes one bath a week. Besides, she told me she hates children and I hear there's insanity in her family."

And finally, as if this wasn't enough for any girl to cope with the co-ed, to stay in the game, must also stay in school. This means she has to waste on footling, useless work the valuable time she needs to fix on the most becoming hairstyle, go to parties, perfect her sex play, and tell every man she goes out with how marvellous he is.

The last stage, usually reached in her junior or senior year (if she isn't married by then) is when the co-ed, having mastered the technique of handling eight men at once, finally settles on the winner and sets about bringing him to a boil. The casual disregard which she will display for all common human decency when engaged in this all important struggle, was revealed to me when I taught English for a couple of years at a small co-ed colledge in the Midwest.

Having gone to an all male, college, I was utterly unprepared for the jungle warfare in which co-eds are as at home as mosquitoes in a swamp. Moreover, I had the bad luck to be pitched into the ring with a reigning champ. Ah, vanity! How clearly I remember walking into my first class and realizing with joy that, for the first time in my life, I had it made. There they were, a dozen of them, fresh and clean and eager, bursting out of their sweaters. There were ugly ones, too. I tried not to notice them. I also tried not to notice the men. As I delivered a brief preview of the course we were about to pursue over the rapids of Elizabethan literature, my eyes wandered around the good ones. They had something

(continued on page 42)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

CYRIL EMERSON

"Why don't you pretend you're a burglar," Renata said to me one evening after we had been sleeping together for more than a month. We really never slept together; Renatha lived with her Aunt Margaret in a big old rambling cheap apartment on West 91st Street; she had to be home before midnight. We spent a lot of time in bed; we didn't sleep much, though. After the break-up of a long term affair, I had tried making it with several girls before I met Renata at a party in an artist's place on Fire Island. Renata, I thought, was just what I would have ordered for myself if I had been a doctor. We seemed to be made for each other, at least in bed.

"You want me to pretend to be a burglar?" I said. With Renata you had to learn not to be too surprised. But I was surprised all right.

There was excitement in Renata's voice, and mischief too. If anything ever saves Renata from getting too deeply into trouble, it will be her overdeveloped sense of mischief. "Just for fun," she said. "You go out into the hall or into the bathroom and I'll lie there, pretending to be asleep, and then in a few minutes you rush in here and grab me. I'll fight you like mad, but you don't stop no matter what I do. I'll kick and scream and bite you, but you won't stop. You're crazy, you're wild to get at me. I fight and fight, but it's no use. Naturally, you win in the end."

"Naturally," I said. "Just tell me one thing. How loud are you going to scream? How hard are you going to fight? I'll do anything to please a lady. If you want me to be a rapist-burglar that's what I'll be. But I do have a lease, remember? And I sort of like this apartment."

Renata gave this statement some thought. "Of course," she said. "I'll be too terrified to scream. I'll open my mouth wide, the way they do on television, but there will be no sound. Perhaps a few choking sobs, nothing to wake the neighbors."

"You promise?" I asked. Before Renata there had been another girl named Peggy, a twenty-four-year old alcoholic, a model from Abilene, Kansas, who used her hangovers to keep that haggard look high fashion models have to have. For a farewell performance, she had broken all my

A MOST UNUSUAL GIRL

FRANK CHAPIN

glasses, the big tube on the TV set, and somehow managed to give a hairline fracture to the wash basin in the bathroom. The superintendent of the building was watching me.

"I promise," said Renata.

I wanted to leave some of the lights on. It seemed like a safe thing to do. If Renata got excited enough to break her promise, I wanted to be able to see.

"*That* would be no fun at all," Renata pouted. "Now do it right or don't do it at all."

I gave that idea about half a second of my time. I put my lease on one end of the scales and Renata on the other. Of course Renata carried more weight. She might not have if she had been dressed. Or if she didn't have long beautiful real-blond hair or sexy lips, the kind the Victorians called "bee stung lips." But she did, so I did what she asked. I turned off the lights.

I admit it. I was as excited as hell once the lights were off and suddenly I was a mad rapist-burglar and not a moderately successful writer who managed to get rid of his violent urges by watching re-runs of *The Untouchables*. Common sense took over, but only for a moment.

In the apartment across the hall I could hear occasional outbursts of canned laughter on some idiot TV show. Somebody upstairs was running a bath. I could hear water and singing. Two floors below, in the fag window dresser's pad, a hi-fi was thumping out a Judy Garland chestnut.

And there was I, twice married, twice divorced, thirty-two years of age, the owner of a college degree, a driver's license from the State of New York, a checking account and saving account. There was I, Frank Chapin, a native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, pretending to be a maniac. I wondered what my father, Frank Chapin, Senior, would have said had he seen me.

I counted off about two minutes of time. I was in the darkened bathroom; nothing Renata could do or say would make me begin this sex farce by rushing in from the hallway. Call me chicken if you will, but there are times when one has to think of the neighbors. I opened the bathroom door just enough to stick my head out. "All set," I announced.

Out of the darkness, Renata's voice told me to shut up. After that she gave a long sigh and turned over in bed. That got me. I made a wild dash for the bedroom door. On the way I yelled with pain as the sharp edges of the coffee table hacked at my bony legs. But brave little soldier that I was, I kept going. I hit the bedroom door with my shoulder the way John Wayne goes at doors in the movies. Naturally, it's all right for John Wayne to break down doors (doors in movies are cardboard, or something, and anyway John Wayne doesn't have to pay for them.) Actually, what I intended to do was to turn the doorknob the same moment my shoulder hit the wood. I guess my hand must have slipped or I didn't get to turn the knob all the way. I guess the doors in my apartment building must be made of cardboard, too, because this one parted company with the hinges and went flying into the bedroom. But door or no door, I was hot for Renata and, rapist-burglar that I was, I was determined to have her. Before I even got close to her she started to yell.

I think she had planned to yell right from the beginning. That made me mad, to think of it. "Goddam it," I yelled. "Shut up, will you. You goddam nut!"

She didn't stop until I stopped her. And the only way to do that was to jump right on top of her and clamp my head over her mouth. She bit my hand and I belted her. She was ready to give out with a real yell, but I cut that off before she could get started. Renata had said she would fight and kick and scream. Now I had the screaming part under control. It took me several frantic minutes before I got her to stop the kicking and fighting. I wanted to belt her good and hard and long; I settled for a couple of good chokes. After that she gave up the struggle, and for a little while all was ginge-peachy on the 6th floor of the Maxwell Bodenheim House.

"You're really out of your skull, aren't you?" I said to Renata, later when we were sitting up in bed drinking Norwegian beer and eating sardine sandwiches. "You're a real wig."

Renata was calm, satisfied and sleepy. "You were wonderful," she said. "I'm sorry I broke my promise. Don't you think it was worth it? I do and so do you, if you'll only admit it. Go on, admit it."

"Sure I admit it," I said. "And then I don't admit it. It was great, even better than great, while it lasted. Give it all the Hollywood names and you'd be right. It was super colossal—a marvelous, wonderful, thrilling experience. But what about my lease? What do you think would have happened if I hadn't stopped you? Love is wonderful but so is keeping a good lease on an apartment you like."

Renata started looking for the clock. It had been knocked off the bedside table during the struggle. I found it for her. "It's quarter past eleven," I said. "I know your Aunt Margaret will have a lot to say if you don't get home before twelve. But I asked you a question."

Renata puckered up her bee-stung lips like a little girl who has been bad and wants to be forgiven. "Kiss me," she said. "And don't be mad. I can't help myself. I get wild and I can't help myself. Maybe I'm spoiled."

I melted like a big gooky candy bar. "You're not just spoiled," I said in that mushy voice I can't help using when some girl stones me. "You're crazy. Look, it was great but . . . no more burglar games, huh?"

Renata pouted again and started to get up. "No more BURGLAR games," she said, emphasizing the word "burglar." "But there will be other games, won't there? Games are so much fun. Promise there will be more games, other games?"

"Of course, we'll have other games," I said. "QUIET games, maybe like chess or feeding each other smoked oysters on crackers. Games like THAT are fun."

Renata didn't seem to be in complete agreement, but it was late and she had to get home, so she nodded vigorously. "We'll have lots of games," she said.

I still have the 1952 Jaguar I had then. Renata loved that car, and now when I'm driving in it without her, I often think if I had learned to understand Renata everything would have been different. I don't know, though. I never learned what went on inside Renata's beautiful blonde head. I don't think she knew either—or will ever know. On that particular night, while I was driving her home, up deserted 10th Avenue, I could only think, *What a*

crazy creature this is!

Driving uptown, Renata made herself "presentable." She seemed to carry enough junk to stock a small store in the bag she always carried: combs, bobby pins, brushes, clips, paper towels, mirrors. I know that all women carry around a lot of junk. Renata carried more of it than any girl I ever knew. She started brushing and combing and arranging at 14th Street and she was a regular little lady again before we reached 68th Street. Looking at her, prim as a little girl dressed up in her mother's clothes, it was hard to believe that only an hour before she had been locked in fierce combat with a rapist-burglar from Pittsfield, Mass.

That was part of Renata's charm, I suppose, the fact that her little girl face hid the mind of an utter kook. And, mind you, not all the kookiness had to do with sex, though a great deal of it had. I think she excused much of her kookiness about sex on the grounds that she was Swedish. Renata had been born in New York but was taken back to Sweden as a child and had lived there until she was fourteen. After her parents died, she had been sent to live with her Aunt Margaret on West 91st Street. An American citizen by birth, and without a trace of Sweden in her voice, she insisted, nevertheless, on being as Swedish as she could.

"People at home have a completely different attitude toward life," she often said to me. "Americans may think they are sexually emancipated. That's the trouble with Americans: they think too much, they're too cautious."

We had a lot of friendly arguments about that.

Renata came to my apartment almost every afternoon. She worked as a junior copywriter for an advertising agency on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties, and I had become accustomed to having the doorbell ring every day about twenty minutes after five. She always brought something, although I was selling stories pretty regularly and could afford to keep the refrigerator well stocked. But she brought things anyway. She often said Americans didn't know how to eat. She was determined, she said, to reform my eating habits. I agreed that my eating habits were pretty careless. In time, however, I began to get tired of the "good plain food" she insisted on buying. I like hard dark bread and cheese and table wine as well as the next fellow. On the other hand, I saw no real reason why I should eat it all the time.

I said so—often. "I think you're a faker," I said. "I'll bet while you're at home you gorge yourself on bacon burgers and hot dogs and chocolate milk and Coke, all the good things you deny me."

But I didn't object to her food game too strenuously. It was the other games that got me down. I had hoped that the rapist-burglar bit was the end and not the beginning of a phase. I was wrong. Renata always kept her promises when she made them to herself; apparently she had promised herself that, come hell or high water, we were going to have lots of games. I thought I wouldn't care if the games were quiet. When I thought about it, I found that I did care.

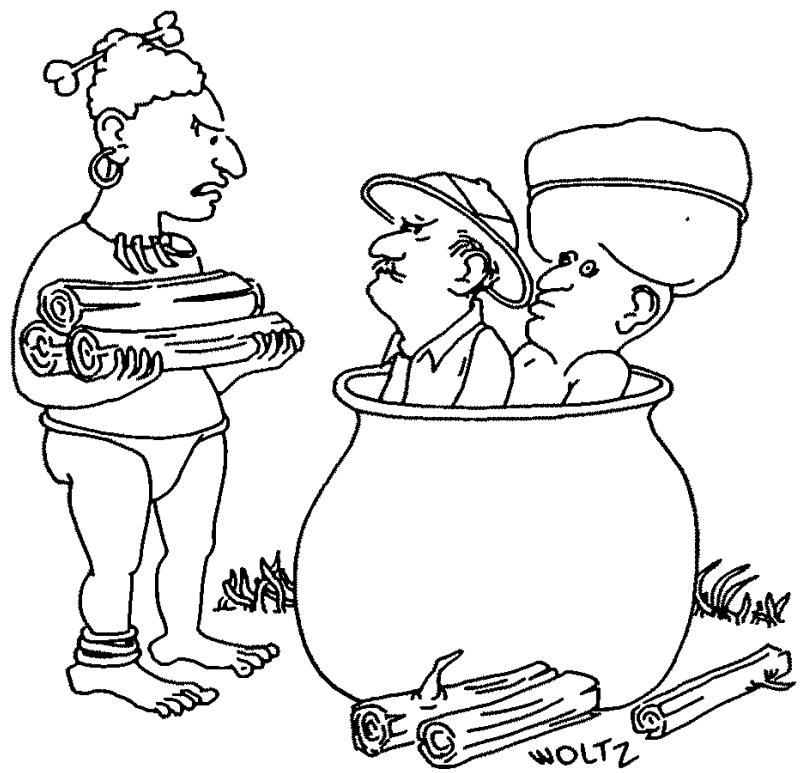
We argued about the games. "I don't like this," I said the next evening when we were in bed together again. "Why can't we just swing like we've been doing. It's been good, hasn't it?"

Renata made a clucking, impatient sound. "Of course, it's been good, silly. Nobody even hinted that it hasn't been good. Why must you be so negative? I just wants to make what's good better. That's what people do in Sweden. When sex is good they try to find ways to make it better."

"So what do you want to do now?" I asked a trifle wearily.

"Oh don't be such an old fuddy-duddy," Renata chided me. "You make everything sound like a painful duty. What we have to do is to start you thinking along new lines—Swedish lines. In Sweden they realize that everything in life is a game, and that sex is the best game of all. They know that to be a real professional instead of a perpetual amateur one has to work hard to achieve perfection."

That sounded to me like a paragraph out of a sex manual. I said so. "That's what's wrong with you Swedes," I said. "You take your fun so goddam seriously. I mean, why must I pretend to be a lecherous masseur? A lecher, yes, A masseur, no. The best I can do is to rub my forehead when I have a headache.



"STOP CALLING ME UNCIVILIZED. AT LEAST I RUN AN INTEGRATED POT"

Can't I just be handsome, dashing, daring passionate me? The Pittsfield Steam Engine? The Berkshires Bull?"

I got so worked up I poured out a triple shot of medium-priced Scotch and swallowed it in two gulps. Then I paced around the bedroom a bit, and when I got tired of that I paced the livingroom too. I had another drink, a small one, and sat down facing the television set. I didn't turn it on. I guess it was just habit. Renata came out of the bedroom and started to rub the back of my neck.

"You're being silly, Silly," she said. "It's not like I wanted you to do something strange or wrong. I want you to try to think of it as fun. And it is fun, really it is, once you get over these silly middle class prejudices."

Suddenly I was as jealous as hell. "Once I get used to it, huh? You mean, this isn't the first time you've played these goddam games?" I answered my own question. "Of course, it isn't."

Renata laughed. "You're getting angry," she said. "I believe you're getting angry. Well, what do you think. I'm twenty-four years old and you ask me if this is the first time. I don't know whether to be flattered or insulted. No, why should I even think of being flattered. I'm insulted—definitely."

I was angry. Looking back now, I think maybe I should have been flattered to be picked out of all the crowd by Renata, even as a partner in her kookie games. The trouble with me was that I was hung up on this nutty girl, and somehow I didn't feel right. Now if it had been that unbelievable creature who subleased the apartment across the hall last summer, I would have been ready, willing and able to play any part she wanted me to play. Now that I don't love Renata any more, at least not the way I did then, I will always be available for an evening of games. At the time, as I have said, I didn't feel right about the games.

"Well, if you're going to be stuffy about it, I might as well leave," she said on the second evening, the evening of the lecherous masseur as I have come to remember it.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Just tell me this: why do you have to play these games?"

Renata was impatient. "Why not play them?" she said.

"That's not an answer," I said. "I asked you why and you say 'why not.'"

"It's all the answer, all the reason I need for doing something," Renata said. "Why do you have to get so worked up about this? Don't you have any sense of fun?"

"All right," I said. "If you want to play games, then it's games you shall have. How's this for a nasty lecherous masseur act?"

I started grunting and slobbering like King Kong on top of the Empire State Building.

Renata was deeply offended. "That isn't right," she said. "If you're not going to play right, then I'd rather not play at all. I'm leaving."

I had to chose between playing the game "right" or having Renata walk out on me. I didn't want to lose her. Apart from the fact that I was crazy about her, I wouldn't have wanted to lose her even if I didn't like her. They don't come any better looking or better stacked than Renata and, allowing for the games bit or because of it, she was a tigress in bed. No, man, I didn't want to lose her.

So we played lecherous masseur. The game went like this: she was a prim young lady who had aprained her shoulder by falling off a horse. Her doctor had recommended that she try massage since heat lamp treatments and liniments hadn't helped. She was to ask me if I couldn't administer the rubdown without having her take off her sweater. I was to say that was quite impossible besides being an awful waste of money. At some time during the rubdown I was to start getting fresh

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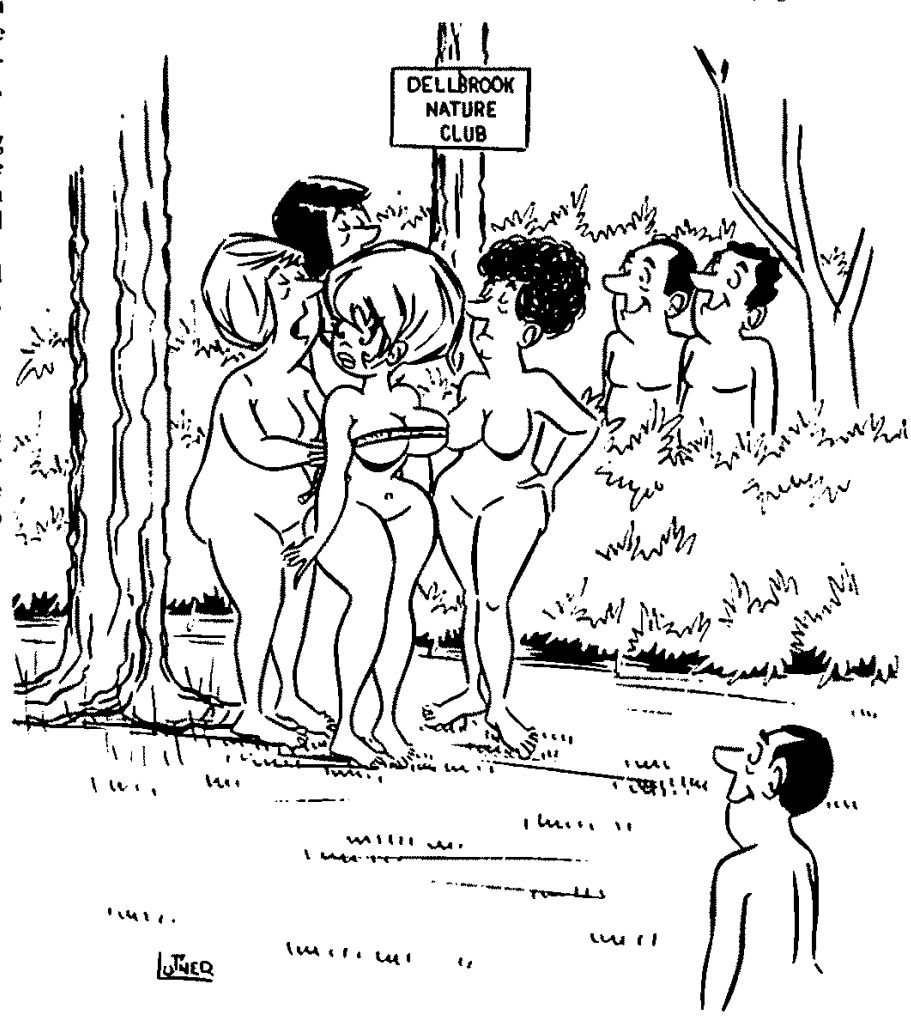
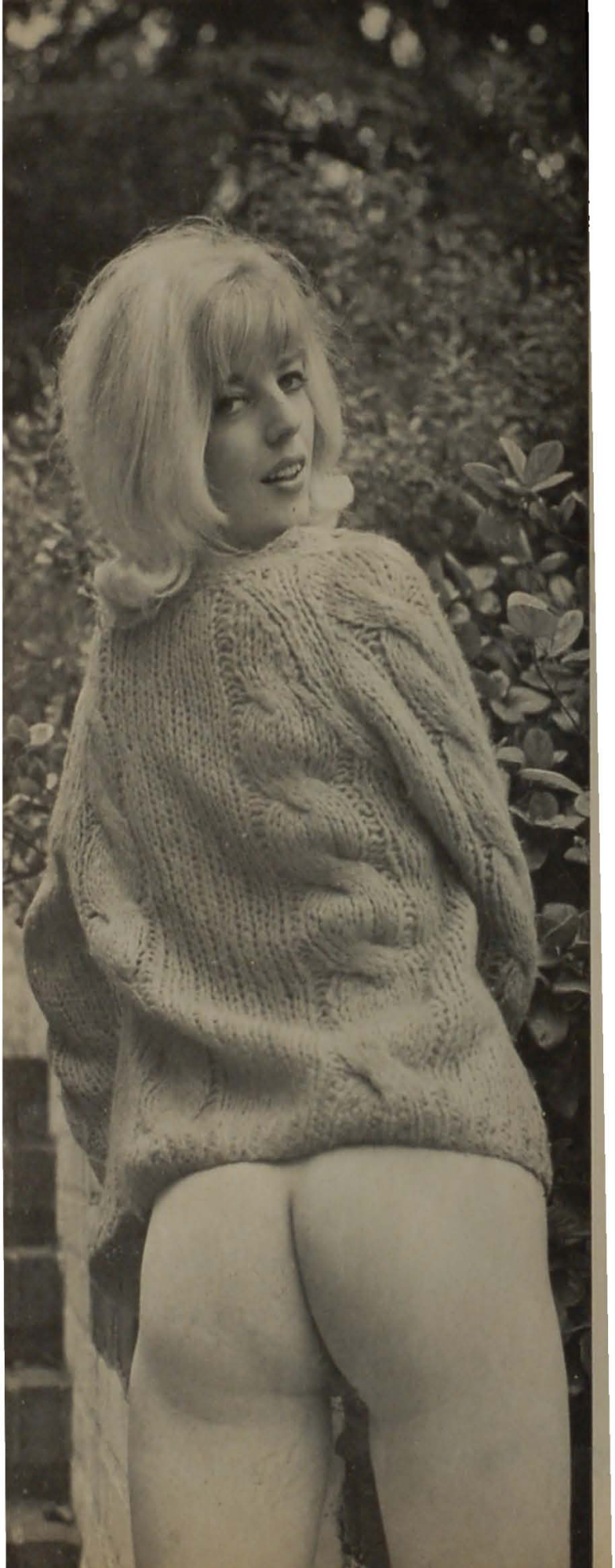


" THOSE ARE THE RULES, MISS GADSBY. PUT ON ANOTHER INCH AND YOU'LL BE DRUMMED OUT."

SALLY VERDUN

SALLY VERDUN COMES FROM O'BRIEN, FLORIDA, AND IF YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF MISS VERDUN'S HOMETOWN THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY. IT'S A PRETTY SMALL PLACE AND NOT MUCH HAPPENS THERE. A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR DRIVING SOUTH TO THE MORE FASHIONABLE END OF THE STATE STOPPED OFF FOR A HAMBURGER A FEW YEARS BACK, AND THE TOWN IS STILL TALKING ABOUT IT. THEY'RE SURE THE STAR WILL COME BACK FOR ANOTHER BURGER SOMEDAY. SALLY LOVES HER TOWN AND UNLIKE SO MANY SMALL TOWN GIRLS WHO GO SUPER GLAMOROUS WHEN THEY LEAVE HOME, SHE GOES BACK THERE EVERY CHANCE SHE GETS. NOW A BUSY GIRL (MODELING, TV BIT PARTS, SUMMER STOCK, ADVERTISING COMMERCIALS) THE CHANCES TO GET HOME ARE FEWER AND FEWER, BUT SHE CAN HARDLY COMPLAIN ABOUT BEING TOO SUCCESSFUL, CAN SHE? BUT DESPITE ALL HER SUCCESS IN THE

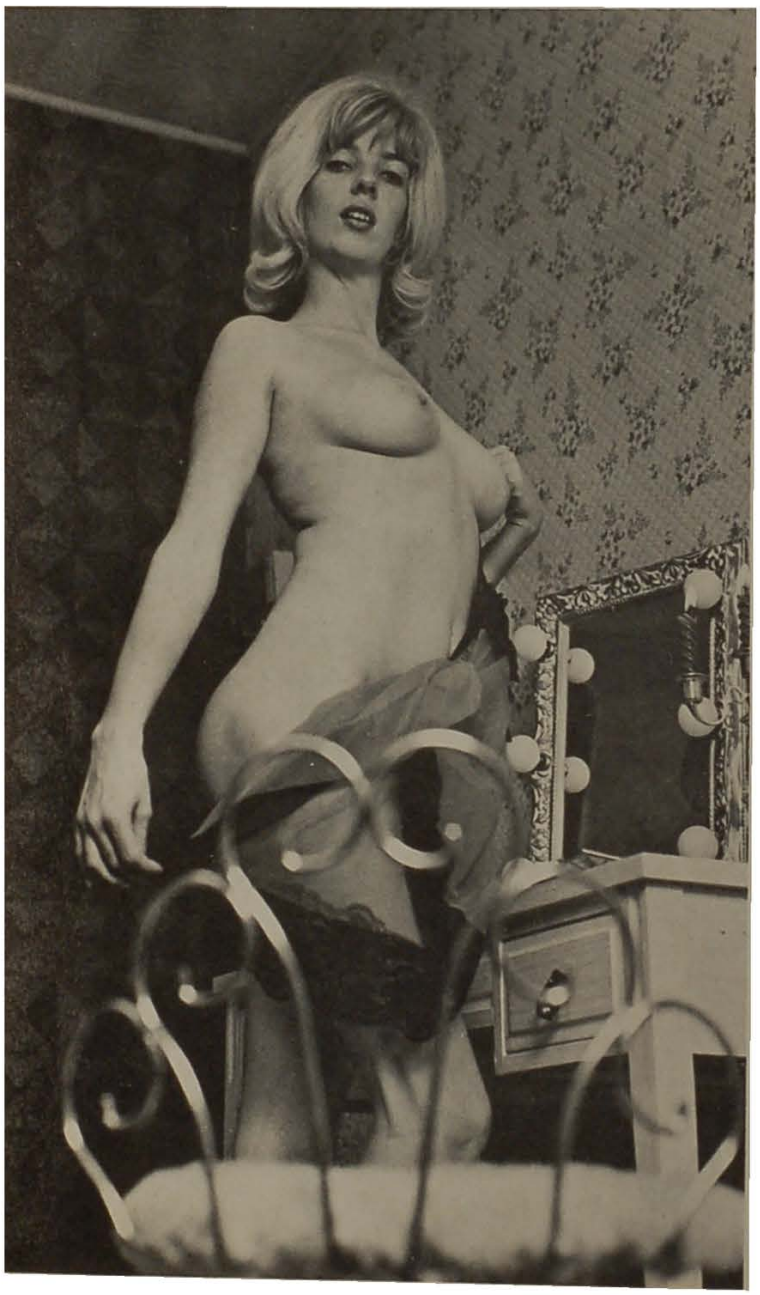


GREAT BIG WORLD OUTSIDE O'BRIEN, SALLY RETAINS A REMARKABLY RELAXED ATTITUDE TOWARD STARS AND STARDOM. CERTAINLY, SHE HOPES TO BE SOME KIND OF STAR SOME DAY. HER ONLY PROBLEM IS TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT KIND OF STAR SHE WANTS TO BE. THAT IS USUALLY WHAT HAPPENS TO GIRLS WHO ARE MULTI TALENTED. SHE ONCE STARRED IN A HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTION OF "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE" AND LAST SUMMER SHE APPEARED IN IT AGAIN IN THE NEW ENGLAND STRAW HAT CIRCUIT. THIS HAS BEEN HER BIGGEST ACTING ROLE TO DATE. THIS YEAR SHE IS BEING CONSIDERED FOR A MORE SERIOUS PART IN A EUGENE O'NEILL REVIVAL. EVEN IF THE SERIOUS BIT FALLS THROUGH, SALLY WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED. SHE RARELY IS, SHE SAYS, SHE HAS TOO MUCH GOING FOR HER TO BE DEPRESSED BY AN OCCASIONAL SETBACK. THAT, SHE SAYS, IS THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF HAVING MORE THAN ONE TALENT. ONCE WHEN SHE AUDITIONED FOR THE PART OF LEADING LADY IN A SUMMER STOCK PRODUCTION, SHE WAS TOLD THAT THE LEAD PART HAD ALREADY BEEN FILLED AND WHAT THE DIRECTOR WAS IN NEED OF NOW WAS A GIRL WHO WAS

GOOD AT COMEDY AND COULD SING. SALLY IS BETTER THAN GOOD AT BOTH, AND OF COURSE SHE GOT THE JOB. IN ANOTHER BARN-TOURING PRODUCTION, IN 1964, SHE PLAYED FOUR DIFFERENT ROLES, ONE OF THEM AS A TEENAGE BOY, OF ALL THINGS. NOW IF THERE IS ONE THING OUR GIRL SALLY DOES NOT LOOK LIKE IT IS A TEENAGE BOY. SO IT IS A GREAT COMPLIMENT TO HER ACTING ABILITIES THAT THE AUDIENCE AND CRITICS FOUND HER COMPLETELY SATISFACTORY AS A BEWILDERED ADOLESCENT IN SEARCH OF THE MEANING OF LIFE. SALLY, HERSELF, HAS NO SUCH PROBLEM. SHE SAYS SHE DOES NOT REALLY KNOW WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT (WHO DOES?) BUT SHE ISN'T TOO WORRIED. SHE IS SURE THAT IF SOME MEANING EXISTS SHE WILL FIND OUT ABOUT IT. ON THE OTHER HAND, IF THE MEANING OF IT ALL CONTINUES TO ELUDE HER, SHE WON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD. SHE SAYS SHE IS TOO BUSY LIVING TO THINK MUCH ABOUT IT. ADMITTEDLY NO DEEP THINKER, SALLY IS ONE OF THOSE LUCKY PEOPLE WHO MANAGE TO

LIVE FULL LIVES WITHOUT MAKING A BIG DEAL OUT OF EVERYTHING. WHEN SHE FIRST THOUGHT OF BECOMING AN ACTRESS, PEOPLE KEPT TELLING HER THAT SHE WOULD HAVE TO LEARN TO "SUFFER" IN THE GREAT OLD CORNY TRADITION OF THE THEATRE. IT WAS A GOOD LINE, ONE THAT IS USED OFTEN, BUT SHE REFUSED TO BUY IT. METHOD ACTING TO THE CONTRARY, SHE CAN'T SEE WHY "SUFFERING" IN ANY WAY WOULD HELP HER TO BECOME A BETTER ACTRESS. IT HAS BEEN HER EXPERIENCE IN THE THEATRE THAT YOU EITHER HAVE TALENT OR YOU DON'T.

IF YOU HAVE TALENT YOU CAN ALWAYS DEVELOP IT BY STUDYING OTHER ACTORS OR BY ENROLLING IN A GOOD DRAMA SCHOOL. IF YOU DON'T HAVE TALENT, SALLY FEELS, ALL THE STUDY AND ALL THE METHOD MUMBLING WLL DO NO GOOD WHATEVER. ANYWAY--SAYS SALLY--EVEN THOUGH SHE LOVES ACTING SHE IS EQUALLY FOND OF MODELING, WHICH ACTUALLY BRINGS IN MUCH MORE MONEY BECAUSE IT IS STEADIER AND ISN'T SUBJECT TO THE WHIMS OF EGOCENTRIC DIRECTORS AND GRAB HAPPY PRODUCERS AND NUTTY STARS WHO DON'T WANT TO WORK ON CERTAIN DAYS BECAUSE IT ISN'T IN THE STARS OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. A MODEL



WHO KNOWS HER BUSINESS, AS UNDOUBTEDLY SALLY KNOWS HER'S, DOESN'T FIND IT NECESSARY TO REHEARSE AS MUCH TO GET CERTAIN EFFECTS. SALLY SAYS THE TWO OR THREE PHOTOGRAPHERS SHE LIKES TO WORK FOR MOST HAVE BECOME AS ACCUSTOMED TO HER "STYLE" AS SHE HAS TO THEIR'S. SHE SAYS THAT A MODEL WITHOUT A STYLE OF HER OWN HAS A DIFFICULT TIME FINDING WORK BECAUSE PHOTOGRAPHERS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT AND THEY OFTEN HIRE SOMEONE ELSE BECAUSE THEY DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO HELP SOME UNKNOWN MODEL TO DEVELOP A PHOTOGRAPHIC PERSONALITY. SALLY IS NOT AT ALL SURE HOW TO DESCRIBE HER OWN PARTICULAR STYLE, BUT SHE KNOWS SHE HAS IT. WHATEVER IT IS, IT SEEMS TO WORK VERY WELL FOR HER BECAUSE SHE USUALLY HAS MORE ASSIGNMENTS THAN SHE CAN HANDLE AND STILL HAVE TIME TO EAT AND SLEEP. SHE ALWAYS HAS TO LAUGH WHEN SHE HEARS ABOUT CERTAIN HIGH FASHION MODELS WHO ARE SAID TO GET $100 AN HOUR AND OTHER WILD SUMS WHEN THEY WORK WHICH ISN'T TOO OFTEN, ACCORDING TO SALLY. FOR HER PART, SHE HAS NO INTEREST IN HIGH FASHION. BORING, SHE SAYS. THE GIRLS IN IT ARE A BUNCH OF BRAINLESS ID-

IOTS WHO EVENTUALLY BEGIN TO BELIEVE THEIR OWN PUBLICITY STORIES, AN AWFUL FATE FOR ANY POOR GIRL, SALLY THINKS. SHE SWEARS THAT NO MATTER HOW HIGH SHE CLIMBS IN THE CAREER WORLD SHE WILL NEVER GO THE HI-FASH ROUTE, AS SHE CALLS IT. SHE IS PROUD TO COME FROM O'BRIEN, FLORIDA, AND SHE DOESN'T INTEND TO FORGET IT.

WINE, WOMEN & SEX
(continued from page 8)

The Macon district also offers Pouilly-Fuisse, an appealing wine with a tangy bouquet; and if your eating and drinking companion isn't so sophisticated that she already knows this, you might mention that the interesting name is derived from the vineyards around the two villages of Pouilly and Fuisse, no matter what conclusions her fractured French has led her to.

If the object of your affections is a charming scatter-brain, you might order Meursault, which has a nutty taste to go with her personality. Or if she goes wild for riches, try Montrachet, the richest of the white Burgundies. You can't go far wrong with the vintages of white Burgundies. But if you insist on the very best, pluck a '47 or a '53.

Ask your girl what she thinks of taking a cruise. If she admits she gets seasick, she might find a sympathetic friend in a wine from the vineyards around the River Loire. Many of these wines, though delicious, don't like to travel either. Unfortunately, by the time many of them finish the Atlantic crossing they are rather exhausted by the trip. If you make friends with the sommelier, however, you might be lucky enough to find a Louire wine that is hearty and hardy despite its enforced wanderings.

The author was lucky enough recently to have run across a bottle of Pouilly-Fume which had retained all its lightness, along with that flinty flavor characteristic of the best Loire wines. Incidentally, Pouilly-Fume and Pouilly-Fuisse have nothing to do with one another, regardless of their names. They're not even "kissing cousins."

Perhaps your date is somewhat frivolous and isn't in the mood to order a serious meal. Accompany her light spirits by ordering a Rose d'Anjou, a pretty little wine which should be served chilled. Tell her its light sweetness reminds you of her kisses; or, if you want to give her an out-of-season Valentine, order, instead of the better known Nectarose, a bottle of Vouvray St. Valentin.

If your target for tonight has a sweet tooth, you'll probably have to order a Sauterne to satisfy her craving. The greatest of the Sauternes is Chateau d'Yquem.

In ordering Sauterne you have, of course, stepped back into the Bordeaux district again. And, no matter what Caesar said about Gaul's being divided into three parts, white Bordeaux wines are divided into the three classifications of Sauterns, Graves and Barsac.

If she is versatile, she might appreciate the useful Graves, which can do about anything a young white wine could be expected to, since it's neither sweet nor dry. Or, if she's cautious in venturing from the sweet wines to some of the more interesting dry ones, persuade her to sample Barsac, which is only semi-sweet.

The girl you're serenading doesn't have to be named Brunnhilde to appreciate a fine German wine. If she is shy, it might be a good gambit to order a bottle of Liebfraumilch, whose name alone is an ice-breaker.

Though Liebfraumilch is by far the most popular German wine to appear in this country, it's not necessarily Germany's best product. Some are excellent: medium of body with a cheery bouquet and slightly sweet to the palate—all that a good Liebfraumilch should be. But the quality varies tremendously from shipper to shipper; and if you happen upon a good one such as Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel, you might be wise to stay with it rather than do any great experimenting. Unless of course, you're willing to pay the consequences.

In any case, a good Liebfraumilch is versatile enough to cover the gamut from roast lamb to seafood, with fowl and veal in between. But if your girl likes to explore, get a little off the beaten track by ordering some of the other Rhine wines such as Hochheimer, Rudescheimer, Marcobrunner or Schloss Johannisberger.

A musical clue could be furnished among the German wines. Find out your flame's preference among the composers. It's been said that the Rhine wines are big-bodied, "bouncy" compositions, somewhat like Beethoven's music. But if the girl you're trying to score with prefers Mozart, she'll be more likely to enjoy the arrangements of the Moselle wines.

One of the better known Moselles is Bernkasteler. But you can't go wrong in ordering Zeltinger, Graacher, Piesporter or, if you want to order "Liebfraumilch" under a different name, call for Moselbluemchen—the Moselle variety of what essentially is the same wine.

Italy, of course, is another country that shouldn't be slighted in your tour of the vineyards.

Mention Italian wine to ten Americans, and nine of them will think of Chianti. The tenth, as we've seen from so many ads, will think of White Horse Scotch. (That's apparently *all* that strange fellow thinks of.)

While Chianti is by far the most familiar Italian wine to Americans, with its straw-covered and melon-shaped fiaschetto, it isn't necessarily the safest to order.

Like Germany's Liebfraumilch, this favorite export of Italy ranges from 0 to 100 on the mythological wine-taster's scale.

If your girl is romantic, however, and wants to dream of Florence, "The City of Flowers," while she's eating spaghetti in a little Italian restaurant, go along with the gag. But order a Chianti that won't disrupt this wonderfull receptive mood.

Let's face it, some Chiantis can crack your skull with all the deftness of the hired fist of the Mafia. But it's easy enough to get a good Chianti if you insist on inspecting the bottle. Somewhere on the bottle it should be labeled "Classico Chianti"—those two words in that order, side by side. And on the neck of the bottle there should be an oval emblem depicting a black rooster on a gold background. None of this business of simply stating "Classico" and proudly bearing an oval emblem picturing a ruptured duck or an eagle or a South American condor. Even a golden rooster on a black background won't do.

If all this sounds unduly persnickety, it's because the Chianti makers themselves—or, rather, some of the *unscrupulous* ones—have forced us to be. Sly birds that they are, they try all sorts of tricks to make you believe that you have a "Classico Chianti," guaranteed by the Association of Chianti Wine Producers.

Through they don't belong to the "consorzio," they stick the word "Classico" somewhere on the bottle, put an emblem on it bearing the picture of some flying creature, ranging from an angel to a bat—and wait for the buyers.

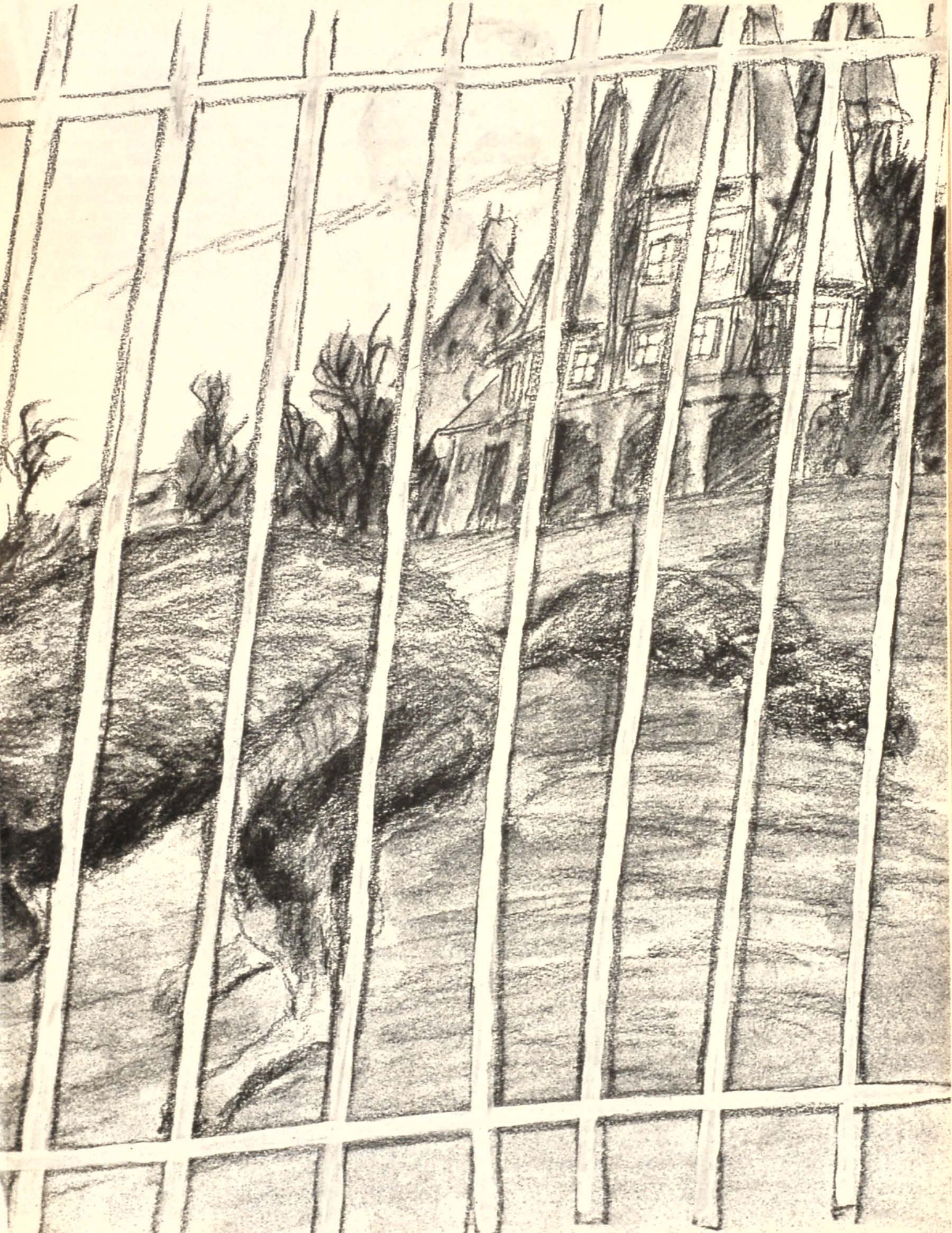
Take bird-watching lessons, if you have to. But if you're ordering Chi-

THE SHE-WOLF

H.H. MUNRO

Leonard Bilsiter was one of those people who have failed to find this world attractive or interesting, and who have sought compensation in an "unseen world" of their own experience or imagination—or invention. Children do that sort of thing successfully, but children are content to convince themselves, and do not vulgarize their beliefs by trying to convince other people. Leonard Bilsiter's beliefs were for "the few," that is to say, any one who would listen to him.

His dabblings in the unseen might not have carried him beyond the customary platitudes of the drawing-room visionary if accident had not reinforced his stock-in-trade of mystical lore. In company with a friend, who was interested in a Ural mining concern, he had made a trip across Eastern Europe at a moment when the great Russian railway strike was developing from a threat to a reality; its outbreak caught him on the return journey, somewhere on the further side of Perm, and it was while waiting for a couple of days at a wayside station in a state of suspended locomotion that he made the acquaintance of a dealer in harness and metalware, who profitably whiled away the tedium of the long halt by initiating his English travelling companion in a fragmentary system of folk-lore that he had picked up from Trans-Baikal traders and natives. Leonard returned to his home circle garrulous about his Russian strike experiences, but oppressively reticent about



certain dark mysteries, which he alluded to under the resounding title of Siberian Magic. The reticence wore off in a week or two under the influence of an entire lack of general curiosity, and Leonard began to make more detailed allusions to the enormous powers which this new esoteric force, to use his own description of it, conferred on the initiated few who knew how to wield it. His aunt, Cecilia Hoops, who loved sensation perhaps rather better than she loved the truth, gave him as clamorous an advertisement as any one could wish for by retailing an account of how he had turned a vegetable marrow into a wood-pigeon before her very eyes. As a manifestation of the possession of supernatural powers, the story was discounted in some quarters by the respect accorded to Mrs. Hoops' powers of imagination.

However divided opinion might be on the question of Leonard's status as a wonder-worker or a charlatan, he certainly arrived at Mary Hampton's house-party with a reputation for pre-eminence in one of those professions, and he was not disposed to shun such publicity as might fall to his share. Esoteric forces and unusual powers figured largely in whatever conversation he or his aunt had a share in, and his won performances, past and potential, were the subject of mysterious hints and dark avowals.

"I wish you would turn me into a wolf, Mr. Bilsiter," said his hostess at a luncheon the day after his arrival.

"My dear Mary," said Colonel Hampton, "I never knew you had a craving in that direction."

"A she-wolf, of course," continued Mrs. Hampton, "it would be too confusing to change one's sex as well as one's species at a moment's notice."

"I don't think one should jest on these subjects," said Leonard.

"I'm not jesting, I'm quite serious, I assure you. Only don't do it today; we have only eight available bridge players, and it would break up one of our tables. Tomorrow we shall be a larger party. Tomorrow night, after dinner—"

"In our present imperfect understanding of these hidden forces I think one should approach them with humbleness rather than mockery," observed Leonard, with such severity that the subject was forthwith dropped.

Clovis Sangrail had sat unusually silent during the discussion on the possibilities of Siberian magic; after lunch he side-tracked Lord Pabham into the comparative seclusion of the billiard-room and delivered himself of a searching question.

"Have you such a thing as a she-wolf in your collection of wild animals? A she-wolf of moderately good temper?"

Lord Pabham considered. "There is Louisa," he said, "a rather fine specimen of the timber-wolf. I got her two years ago in exchange for some Arctic foxes. Most of my animals get to be fairly tame before they've been with me very long; I think I can say Louisa has an angelic temper, as she-wolves go. Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering whether you would lend her to me for tomorrow night," said Clovis, with the careless solicitude of one who borrows a collar stud or a tennis racquet.

"Tomorrow night?"

"Yes, wolves are nocturnal animals, so the late hours won't hurt her," said Clovis, with the air of one who has taken everything into consideration; "one of your men could bring her over from Pabham Park after dusk, and with a little help he ought to be able to smuggle her into the conservatory at the same moment that Mary Hampton makes an unobtrusive exit."

Lord Pabham stared at Clovis for a moment in pardonable bewilderment; then his face broke into a wrinkled network of laughter.

"Oh, that's your game, is it? You are going to do a little Siberian magic on your own account. And is Mrs. Hampton willing to be a fellow-conspirator?"

"Mary is pledged to see me through with it, if you will guarantee Louisa's temper."

"I'll answer for Louisa," said Lord Pabham.

By the following day the house-party had swollen to larger proportions, and Bilsiter's instinct for self-advertisement expanded duly under the stimulant of an increased audience. At dinner that evening he held forth at length on the subject of unseen forces and untested powers, and his flow of impressive eloquence continued unabated while coffee was being served in the drawing-room preparatory to a general migration to the card-room. His aunt ensured a respectful hearing for his utterances, but her sensation-loving soul hankered after something more dramatic than mere vocal demonstration.

"Won't you do something to *convince* them of your powers, Leonard?" she pleaded. "Change something into another shape. He can, you know, if he only chooses to," she informed the company.

"Oh, do," said Mavis Pellington earnestly, and her request was echoed by nearly every one present. Even those who were not open to conviction were perfectly willing to be entertained by an exhibition of amateur conjuring.

Leonard felt that something tangible was expected of him.

"Has any one present," he asked, "got a three-penny bit or some small object of no particular value—?"

"You're surely not going to make coins disappear, or something primitive of that sort?" said Clovis contemptuously.

"I think it very unkind of you not to carry out my suggestion of turning me into a wolf," said Mary Hampton, as she crossed over to the conservatory to give her macaws their usual tribute from the dessert dishes.

"I have already warned you of the danger of treating these powers in a mocking spirit," said Leonard solemnly.

"I don't believe you can do it," laughed Mary provocatively from the conservatory; "I dare you to do it if you can. I defy you to turn me into a wolf."

As she said this she was lost to view behind a clump of azaleas.

"Mrs. Hampton—" began Leonard with increased solemnity, but he got no further. A breath of chill air seemed to rush across the room, and at the same time the macaws broke forth into ear-splitting screams.

"What on earth is the matter with those confounded birds, Mary?" exclaimed Colonel Hampton; at the same moment an even more piercing scream from Mavis Pellington stampeded the entire company from their seats. In various attitudes of helpless horror or instinctive defence they confronted the evil-looking grey beast that was peering at them from amid a setting of fern and azalea.

Mrs. Hoops was the first to recover from the general chaos of fright and bewilderment.

"Leonard!" she screamed shrilly

to her nephew, "turn it back into Mrs. Hampton at once! It may fly at us at any moment. Turn it back!"

"I—I don't know how to," faltered Leonard, who looked more scared and horrified than any one.

"What!" shouted Colonel Hampton, "you've taken the abominable liberty of turning my wife into a wolf, and now you stand there calmly and say you can't turn her back again!"

To do strict justice to Leonard, calmness was not a distinguishing feature of his attitude at the moment.

"I assure you I didn't turn Mrs. Hampton into a wolf; nothing was farther from my intentions," he protested.

"Then where is she, and how came that animal into the conservatory?" demanded the Colonel.

"Of course we must accept your assurance that you didn't turn Mrs. Hampton into a wolf," said Clovis politely, "but you will agree that appearances are against you."

"Are we to have all these recriminations with that beast standing there ready to tear us to pieces?" wailed Mavis indignantly.

"Lord Pabham, you know a good deal about wild beasts—" suggested Colonel Hampton.

"The wild beasts that I have been accustomed to," said Lord Pabham, "have come with proper credentials from well-known dealers, or have been bred in my own menagerie. I've never before been confronted with an animal that walks unconcernedly out of an azalea bush, leaving a charming and popular hostess unaccounted for. As far as one can judge from *outward* characteristics," he continued, "it has the appearance of a well-grown female of the North American timber-wolf, a variety of the common species *canis lupus.*"

"Oh, never mind its Latin name," screamed Mavis, as the beast came a step or two further into the room; "can't you entice it away with food, and shut it up where it can't do any harm?"

"If it is really Mrs. Hampton, who has just had a very good dinner, I don't suppose food will appeal to it very strongly," said Clovis.

"Leonard," beseeched Mrs. Hoops tearfully, "even if this *is* none of your doing can't you use your great powers to turn this dreadful beast into something harmless before it bites us all—a rabbit or something?"

"I don't duppose Colonel Hampton would care to have his wife turned into a succession of fancy animals as though we were playing a round game with her," interposed Clovis.

"I absolutely forbid it," thundered the Colonel.

"Most wolves that I've had anything to do with have been inordinately fond of sugar," said Lord Pabham; "if you like I'll try the effect on this one."

He took a piece of sugar from the saucer of his coffee cup and flung it to the expectant Louisa, who snapped it in mid-air. There was a sigh of relief from the company; a wolf that ate sugar when it might at the least have been employed in tearing macaws to pieces had already shed some of its terrors. The sigh deepened to a gasp

of thanksgiving when Lord Pabham decoyed the animal out of the room by a pretended largesse of further sugar. There was an instant rush to the vacated conservatory. There was no trace of Mrs. Hampton except the plate contining the macaws' supper.

"The door is locked on the inside!" exclaimed Clovis, who had deftly turned the key as he affected to test it.

Every one turned towards Bilsiter.

"If you haven't turned my wife into a wolf," said Colonel Hampton, "will you kindly explain where she has disappeared to, since she obviously could not have gone through a locked door? I will not press you for an explanation of how a North American timber-wolf suddenly appeared in the conservatory, but I think I have some right to inquire what has beomce of Mrs. Hampton."

Bilsiter's reiterated disclaimer was met with a general murmur of impatient disbelief.

"I refuse to stay another hour under this roof," declared Mavis Pellington.

"If our hostess has really vanished out of human form," said Mrs. Hoops, "none of the ladies of the party can very well remain I absolutely decline to be chaperoned by a wolf!"

"It's a she-wolf," said Clovis soothingly.

The correct etiquette to be observed under the unusual circumstances received no further elucidation. The sudden entry of Mary Hampton deprived the discussion of its immediate interest.

"Some one has mesmerized me," she exclaimed crossly; "I found myself in the game larder, of all places, being fed with sugar by Lord Pabham. I hate being mesmerized, and the doctor has forbidden me to touch sugar."

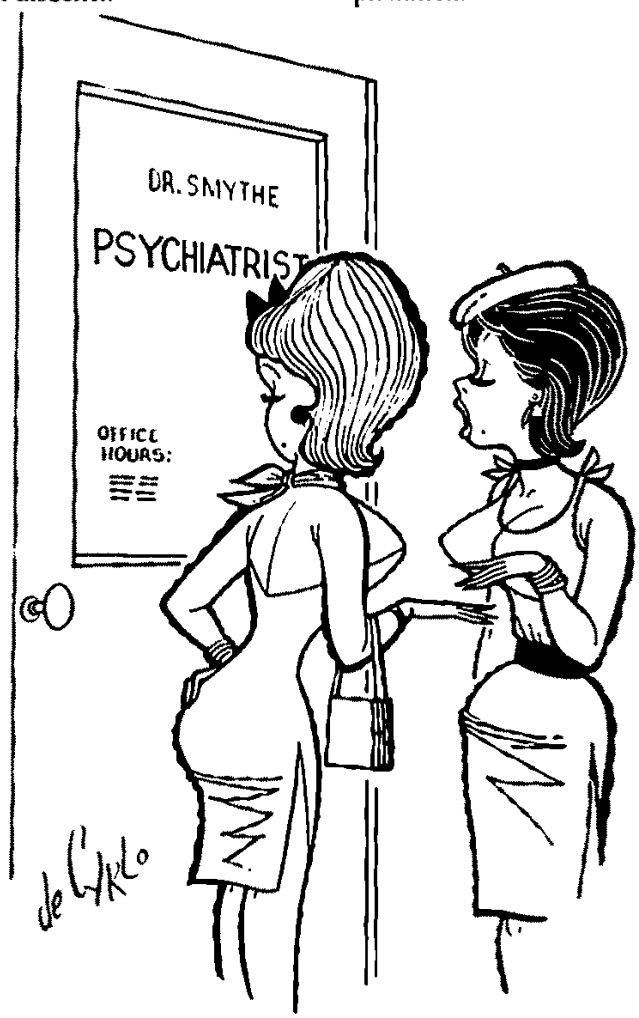
The situation was explained to her, as far as it permitted of anything that could be called explanation.

"Then you *really* did turn me into a wolf, Mr. Bilsiter?" she exclaimed excitedly.

But Leonard had burned the boat in which he might now have embarked on a sea of glory. He could only shake his head feebly.

"It was I who took that liberty," said Clovis; "you see, I happen to have lived for a couple of years in North-eastern Russia, and I have more than a tourist's acquaintance with the magic craft of that region. One does not care to speak about these strange powers, but once in a way, when one hears a lot of nonsense being talked about them, one is tempted to show what Siberian magic can accomplish in the hands of some one who really understands it. I yielded to that temptation. May I have some brandy? the effort has left me rather faint."

If Leonard Bilsiter could at that moment have transformed Clovis into a cockroach and then have stepped on him he would gladly have performed both operations.



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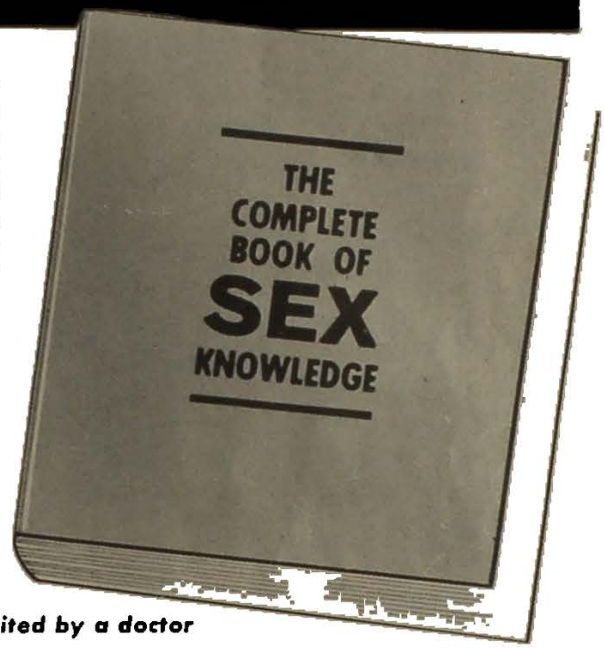

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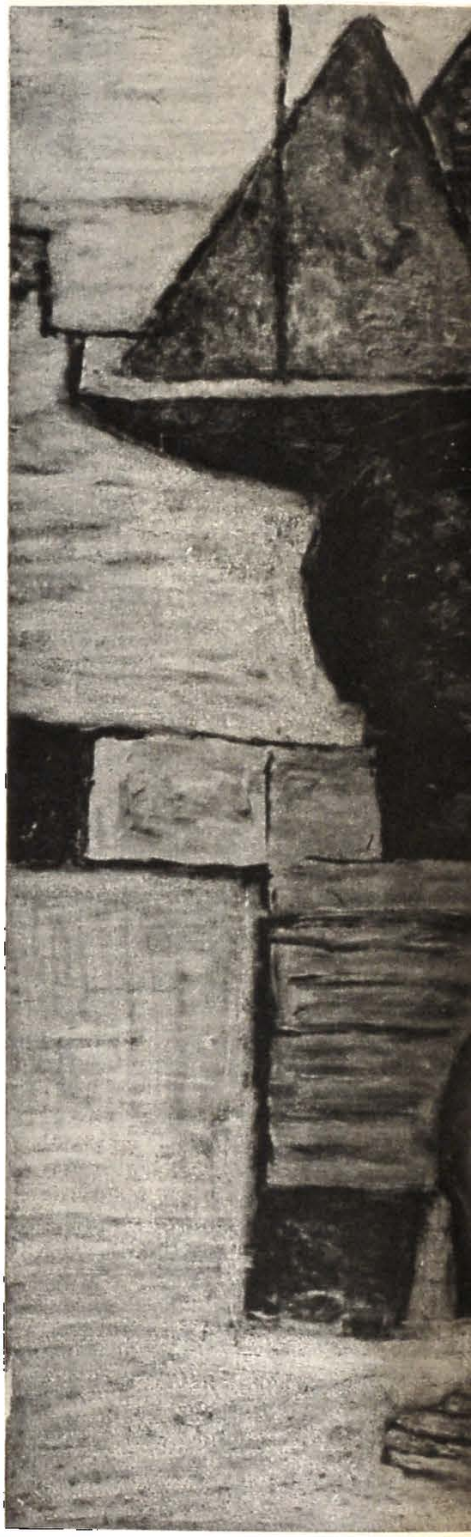
THE LEAGUE FOR SEXUAL

DON O'MARA



Johnny Ampersand was boiling mad. A couple of Second Avenue hoods had broken his WHAT'S INDECENT ABOUT EXPOSURE? sign over his head, and now he was appealing to a jaded-looking policeman for protection. "I'm a citizen. I got a right to demonstrate for what I believe in," Ampersand loudly declared to the bored flatfoot.

"All right, all you people," the cop said, lumping Ampersand and his friends and the hoods together. "Get the hell out of here. I don't want no trouble on my beat."

The Second Avenue hoods, JD's in old-fashioned ducktail haircuts and two-tone jackets, winked at the patrolman and moved on. The patrolman grinned at them, but he didn't wink. That would have been getting too familiar and, who knows, tomorrow he might have to kill one of them for robbing a liquor store. "Just keep off my beat and out of my way," the cop declared to the world.

But Johnny Ampersand, who claims to be the head of the East Village branch of The League for Sexual Freedom, was still mad. "You mean you're not going to arrest them?" he protested to the bluedaddy.

"That's right, four eyes," the cop said.

"Those guys tried to deprive me of my constitutional right to speak out against hypocrisy and dishonesty," Ampersand said. "That's a Federal offense. The Constitution clearly states that. . ."

The cop took a tighter grip on his club and started to rock back and forth on the balls of his feet. "Look, four eyes," he said mildly enough. "I *know* what the Constitution says. Now I'm going to say something of my own and you'd better listen: Get lost!"

Ampersand was readying a stinging retort that no doubt would have earned him a disorderly conduct charge when one of his "wives," Judy Margolin, grabbed him by the arm and pulled him away. Not to be upstaged, the other two "wives" quickly latched onto Amersand's other arm. "That's the spirit, ladies," the cop said, yawned with great deliberation and walked away.

"You see that!" Ampersand said to me. "You see how the Establishment's hire gunmen treat people who dare oppose the status quo? By the way, I didn't hear much out of you when that cop was pushing me around. And where were you when the fighting started?"

"You asked three questions in a row," I told him. "To question number one, the answer is, yes I saw the cop. To question number two, I know better than to argue with policemen even when I feel like arguing. To question number three, when the fighting, as you call it, started I did my best to keep out of the way. This is your crusade, man, not mine."

And I reminded him that my interest in The League for Sexual Freedom was strictly from a writer's point of view. I said that while a writer should gain as much experience as possible I had no intention of participating in street rumbles or of getting myself arrested.

"That's your privilege, man," Ampersand said nastily. "You know something, I could have been killed by those apes."

"That's right, Big J," the "wives" said in chorus.

"Maybe it would have been better if I had been killed," Ampersand said thoughtfully. "Man, I don't want to die, but think how much my death would shake this country up. Then they'd really know there are people who are prepared to die for sexual freedom."

"I suppose there are worse things to die for," I said. "Come to think of it, though, you're pretty free

REEDOM

sexually as it is. With all these "wives" how can you say Society is denying you sexual expression?"

"Man, I don't care about myself," Ampersand said, stopping abruptly in the middle of the sidewalk.

The girls waited open-mouthed for the words of wisdom that were about to drop from his lips.

"I don't care about ME," Ampersand said. "I love my wives and they love me, but even we aren't completely free. Suppose I wanted to make it with Judy, right here and now, do you think the Establishment's hired gunmen in blue would let me?"

"You mean, make it right HERE on Second Avenue?" I asked. "There would seem to be a time and place. . ."

Ampersand sneered and the girls sneered, too. "That's what I thought you'd say," he said. "I don't know you, but I'd say right off you were the sort of small-minded square who has to have all the Establishment props before you can make it with a girl."

"Well, a bed and a little privacy does help," I said.

"See what I mean?" Ampersand said to the girls. "That's exactly the sort of thing we must fight. The idea that sex is some sort of ritual that must be carried out like a Japanese tea ceremony. Why can't people realize that sex should be as natural as breathing. If you feel like it, do it! Before we can call sex truly free we must think of nothing but sex. We must think of and practise nothing but sex twenty-four hours a day. We must strip away the mask of deceit and hypocrisy. I want to see people 'doing it' right in the street, in public parks, in movie houses. I want it to be fun for everyone and I want everyone to join in. I don't care what kind of sex a person digs just as they do it and enjoy it. . ."

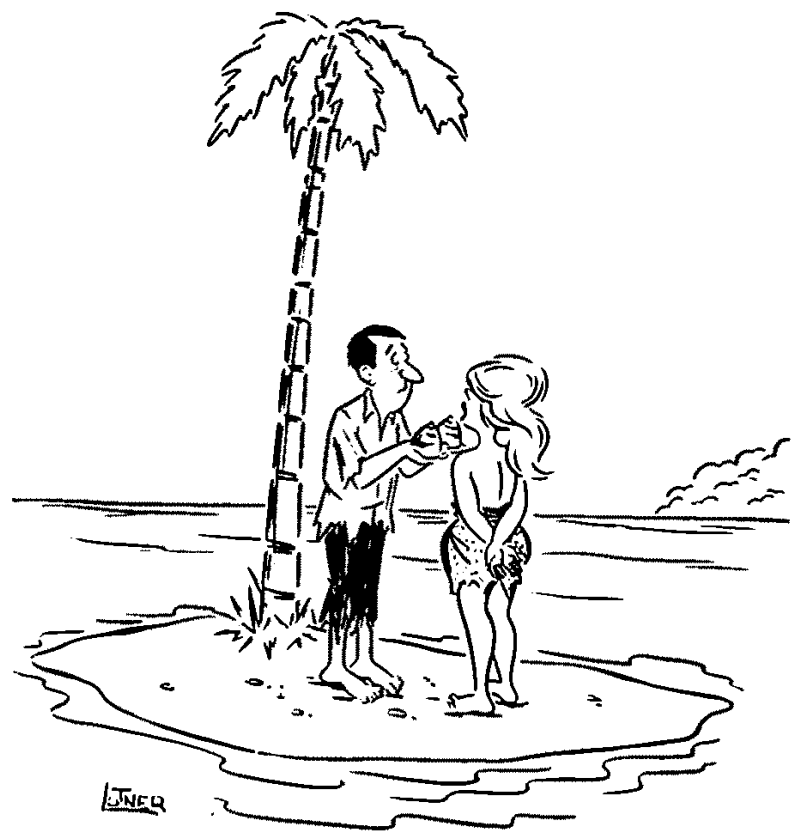
It was one hell of a discussion to be having, walking up Second Avenue, New York City, on a Saturday afternoon. Ampersand and his "wives" lived in a big, musty room two blocks east of Second Avenue and 9th Street. I had gone there that day about noon to talk to Ampersand, who has had some publicity and several brushes with the law in recent months, and to watch him instruct his "wives" in the art of public demonstrating and to superintend the painting of such signs as WHAT'S INDECENT ABOUT EXPOSURE?, WHY BE ASHAMED OF YOUR BODY?, IF IT MOVES[FONDLE IT and DO IT FOR PEACE. Ampersand said he was too busy to talk to me until after the demonstration scheduled for 2 P.M. at Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place. I said I would go along and keep him company. Now the demonstartion was over—it had ended abruptly after a gang of local JD's took pious exception to some of the sentiments expressed in the signs—and now we were on our way back to the Ampersand family pad.

"I'm all for sexual freedom," I said to Ampersand, who was feeling his head and telling the girls he feared he might have a concussion, "just as long as it doesn't spoil it for other people. Don't forget, there may be people who think sex is the greatest but aren't particulalry anxious to see other people having sex relations in the street or in the park. What's the point anyway?"

We had reached the entrance to the ratty tenement where Ampersand lived. Instead of going inside he seemed to find it necessary to stop again to deliver his answer in a loud voice. "The point," he said, waving his hands at the passers-by, "is to shock people out of their timidity and fear of the Establishment. You say people really don't want to make it in the street and I say you're so wrong. Or you're a rotten liar. People—all people—want to do it in the street, at least at times, but they don't have the guts. They're so screwed up by Society and Morality and all that crap that they can't even imagine doing it in public. But when we get through—when we make the big breakthough—they'll be doing it in public. And they'll be enjoying it."

"Shall we go in?" I said. Another cop, a lot rougher looking than the one on Second Avenue, was looking at us suspiciously from two blocks away.

"Yes, Big J, let's go in," the



" WELL, NOBODY'S PERFECT, YOU KNOW "

"wives" chorused.

Still defiant, Ampersand allowed himself to be hustled inside and up the three flights of stairs to his pad. Here and there on the walls obscene suggestions and slogans, some funny, some not, were scrawled in "Magic Marker," that sign writing boon to china dealers and nuts. By looking hard, I even found a few signs that weren't obscene, just eccentric.

One notice begged the FBI to stop picking on the CIA. Another urged Hollywood to hire the entire Viet Cong guerilla force as extras for World War II (Pacific Theater) movies—and thus end the war in Vietnam to everybody's satisfaction. And, of course, there were the old standby's, SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR I'LL KILL YOU and BETTER RED THAN NO COLOR AT ALL.

"Did you write these?" I asked Ampersand on the way upstairs.

"I wrote some and I inspired others to write," he said. "The landlord—the slumlord—who owns this cockroach heaven is trying to sue. *That's* been tried before."

The "wives" laughed.

Taking a large bunch of keys from the pocket of the threadbare Eisenhower jacket he wears most of the time, Ampersand unlocked a number of locks and opened the door. Inside, it was just one big room and the original sickroom-green paint had been slapdashed over with whitewash. There were no paintings or prints on the walls, just more of the "Magic Marker" writing except that inside the pad the signs were bigger and much more obscene. The floor looked as if it had been painted recently, again rather carelessly, with black deck paint. Though you could hardly call Chez Ampersand clean and tidy, it was a lot better than most of the places I'd seen in the East Village. There were two windows heavily curtained by colored burlap, and they didn't look out on anything but a dirty brick wall.

"Pull up a bed," Amerpsand said, waving at the various mattresses placed along the far wall. "We don't have much use for chairs. When we're here we usually spend most of the time in bed. When we're up, we're out someplace."

I sat down on a thin mattress covered with cheap printed cloth. Judy Marglin sat on one bed by herself. The other two "wives"—Louise Willett and Sandra DeSalvo—sat together on another bed. (Louise and Sandra seemed to have formed an alliance against Judy.) Ampersand went behind a battered Oriental screen that hid the kitchen area. After rattling through the antique refrigerator back there, he called out, "You want some wine or pot or something?"

I said I would have some wine. Naturally, it turned out to be the worst kind of sauterne, the kind that comes in huge glass jugs. "You want me to spike it up for you?" Ampersand asked. "Once in a while I run over to Newark and buy a bottle of 190-proof grain alcohol at the liquor store. You can buy that stuff in Jersey, you know."

I said the sauterne was okay.

Ampersand poured about a pint of wine into a beer stein, spiked it with a triple shot of the one-ninety, and proceeded to guzzle it all down without stopping to take a breath.

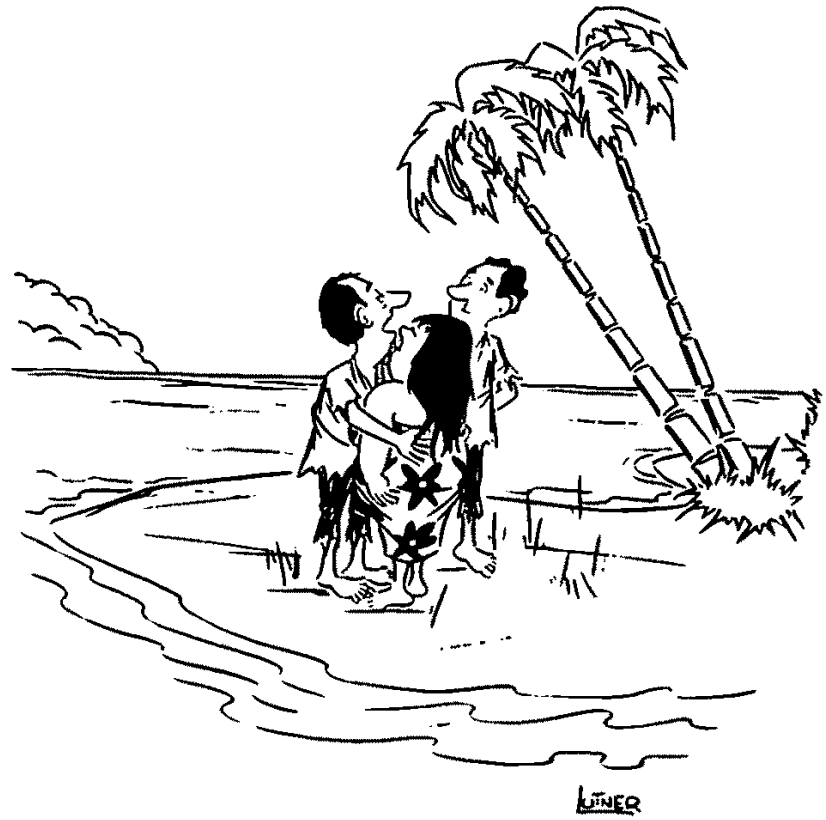
"God," he said, making all kinds of horrible faces. "That sure tastes lousy. But what a kick, man! What a glow you get! Incidentally man, I forget to mention it, if you feel like doing it, just tap one of the girls, man, and go to it. That's what girls are for, man. Right, girls?"

"Right, Big J," they said in unison.

At any other time I might have taken him up on his offer—Judy was really something: long blonde hair and a figure that threatened to crack the seams of her jeans. Even so, I guess I'm still a trifle shy. I looked at Judy and she smiled encouragement. It was a hell of a spot to be, and don't think I wasn't tempted. But, as I've said, I was a trifle shy.

Ampersand laughed. The spiked wine was getting to him. "Go ahead, man. A roll with Judy'll do you good. Get rid of that morality bind you're in. Hey, let's make this thing a *fivesome!*"

I said I appreciated his kind invitation. Another time, perhaps, when I was feeling less inhibited.



" I grant you she isn't much but, as they say, it's the only game in town."

Ampersand laughed triumphantly. "That proves my point. You want Judy or Louise or Sandra real bad. If they were sitting with their legs crossed in some crummy cocktail lounge you'd break your back trying to get them into bed. You'd spend a lot of bucks and waste a lot of time saying stupid things to get on the good side of them. You'd come up with all kinds of flip talk and later lay out a lot more bucks for cab fare. And you'd get home at six in the morning, all gritty and weak and broke. But you'd think you were lucky—a real stud. You can have it right here and now—no fuss, no bother, real cool—and you back off from it."

"Maybe you're right," I said. "No offense, ladies."

"I'm not offended," Judy Margolin said. "I just want to help you find yourself. If you don't want to make it with me, then make it with Louise or Sandra. Or if you're shy about having others looking on, we'll *all* help you."

Louise and Sandra nodded vigorously.

"Give me a day or two to get used to the idea, then perhaps I'll be back," I said. "Right now I'd just like to talk. In my book you're still a bunch of nuts. But I'm ready to be convinced, so convince me."

Ampersand had downed another stein of the hyped-up sauterne. His eyes, bright behind his glasses, seemed to have trouble coming into focus. "You're wasting a good thing, man," he said.

"And you're wasting your chance to get some good publicity for your cause," I said. "Let's get too it, shall we?"

"I mean with the interview," I added. Ampersand had taken off his glasses and was polishing them but he was still looking in the general direction of the girls.

Ampersand put on his glasses. "In a really free society," he announced, "you would be going at it hell for leather with Judy. Or Louise. Or Sandra. And we wouldn't think there was anything unusal about it. As far as we were concerned, it would be as if you and Judy were having a game of cards. Or a short conversation. Like, for instance, last night. Sandra and I were making it, but since she doesn't have much to say I was talking to Louise about something about sex I saw in the newspaper. Judy there was cooking up a batch of egg noodles in the kitchen."

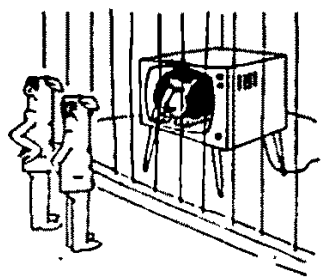
"Sounds cozy," I said.

Ampersand looked annoyed. "Don't get too flip," he said. "I'm telling the truth. That's what the League for Sexual Freedom is for—to get at the truth. Pure sex is pure truth. There is nothing else. Forget all that crap about art and self expression. We believe in sex, man."

"How did you get started on this League thing?" I asked him next.

"Easy," said Ampersand. "I come from the Coast, where the League is bigger and more active than it is here. They have a real pro-sex campaign going for them out there. Here they talk a lot, but they're still scared. But not for long, I promise you that."

I threw in a cliche to annoy him. "Then I can quote you as saying you are unalterably opposed to conventional middle class morality?"



Ampersand's scorn was intense. "Yes, I think you might quote me on that," he said with ponderous sarcasm. Suddenly his indignation overcame his sarcasm and he gave out with several obscenities that even Henry Miller uses sparingly. This calmed him a little. "Don't even talk about middle class morality to me," he scowled. "We're all victims of *that*—Judy, Sandra, Louise and me."

Right on cue, Judy spoke up. "I had a beautiful young husband," she said, sounding like Vivien Leigh in *Streetcar Named Desire*. "He came to me too late. His mother had turned him into a faggot."

"I had to leave high school because I was pregnant," announced Louise. "I might have been a brilliant scholar if it hadn't been for that. Now I can never go back to Brooklyn."

"I preferred girls to boys until I met Big J," chimed in Sandra. "Society taught me to fear men. Now I want to help every man I meet. My family in Cleveland says they never want to see me again because of what I'm doing."

"They saw Sandra demonstrating on a television news program, Ampersand explained. "Some of the things she said about sex had to be bleeped out of the soundtrack."

"And what's your story?" I asked Big J Ampersand.

"Real corny, man," Ampersand said. "I knocked up a girl back in San Diego and I had to marry her. Boy, did she cause me a lot of grief before I cut out and came East. I think there's a desertion warrant out for me right now. I don't worry, though. After I got through with Kay—that's my little wifey—I swore I would never again get hung up on a sex bit. I heard about the League while I was still on the Coast. I didn't really get involved until I came East and started living again. . ."

I had a question. "Some people in the League consider you an outlaw," I said. "They say you don't conform to the overall policy of the organization. Is this true?"

Ampersand scowled. "That's the trouble with every movement," he said. "Once it gets established it starts to turn conservative. The conservatives in the League want to waste time with mass mailings and television talk-show apprearances. What the hell good is that? Talk, talk, talk! I want action, man. Direct action!"

"Like what?" I asked.

"I want to see some big changes," Ampersand said. "I want to see prostitution legalized. If a broad wants to sell herself, that's her business. A chick sells her time working as a shopgirl of a carhop or assembly line worker or typist. How is it different when she sells herself in bed?"

"That's why you recently picketed the Women's House of Detention?" I asked.

"Right, man," said Ampersand. "We want them to turn the hustlers loose. And while we're at it, we want them to turn loose all the

other sext martyrs, the faggots and dirty old men. I said everybody and I mean EVERYBODY."

"What else?" I enquired.

Now Ampersand was three quarters drunk and really going. "I want them to turn everything loose, baby. I want everything to be so wide open that no kind of sex behavior will be out of order."

"Like what?" I asked.

Ampersand laughed wildly. "Confucius say 'one picture better than thousands words,'" he howled. "I'm going to give you a graphic demonstration of what I mean."

He started to call out, "Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo," pointing in turn at the three girls. I think he must have rigged the nursery game, or something, because it turned out that the winner was beautiful Judy.

"Let's get at it, sweetie!" he called out, advancing across the room.

Judy threw herself back on the bed, arms outstretched. "Come to Momma," she said.

Now it was my turn to make a move. "Have fun, children," I said going out the door.

Cries of "Chicken!" followed me right out into the street.

"HONEY, I'M HOME."

BAD GUYS

FINISH FIRST

IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY GAVE LEE MARVIN AN OSCAR. AS MOVIE CRITIC ANDREW SARRIS OF "THE VILLAGE VOICE" NOTED IN A POST OSCAR EDITION, AWARDING THE LITTLE GOLD FIGURINE TO LEE MARVIN WAS "SATISFYING" BECAUSE IT WAS A TRIBUTE TO HIS "PROFESSIONALISM," ONE OF THE QUALITIES HOLLYWOOD HAS BEEN NEGLECTING IN THIS AGE OF POP SINGERS AND FOOTBALL PLAYERS TURNED ACTOR.

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, EVER SINCE MARVIN WENT TO HOLLYWOOD, THE LOOSE-LIMBED ACTOR WAS PASSED OVER WHILE THE FATTIES IN COMMAND OFFERED FABIAN AND FRANKIE AVALON AND PAUL ANKA TO THE WORLD AS AMERICA'S ANSWER TO LAURENCE OLIVIER.

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE AN OLD PRO TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE, ESPECIALLY AN OLD AND GREAT PROFESSIONAL LIKE BOGART. AND SPEAKING OF BOGART, LEE MARVIN HAS THIS TO SAY:

"I FEEL I'M READY TO BREAK OUT. BOGART STARTED OUT PRETTY MUCH AS I DID, A HEEL, ALL BAD. THEN, AS AUDIENCES WARMED TO HIM, HE BECAME GOOD-BAD. FINALLY HE WAS ALL GOOD. I THINK THAT MOVIE AUDIENCES ARE HUNGRY FOR SOME ADULT RELATIONSHIPS, SOME GROWN-UP LOVE STORIES. THAT'S THE KIND OF ROLE I'M LOOKING FOR."

WITH THE NEW OSCAR TO DECORATE HIS MANTEL, MARVIN SHOULDN'T FIND IT TOO HARD TO GET THE SORT OF ROLES HE WANTS. WHEN LAST HEARD FROM, HE WAS FLYING OFF TO LONDON, WITH HIS OSCAR IN TOW, TO MAKE A MOVIE WITH THE QUEEN BEE OF THE MOVIES, LIZ TAYLOR. AFTER THAT, WHO KNOWS?

MIKE LEMBERG

But it wasn't always so.

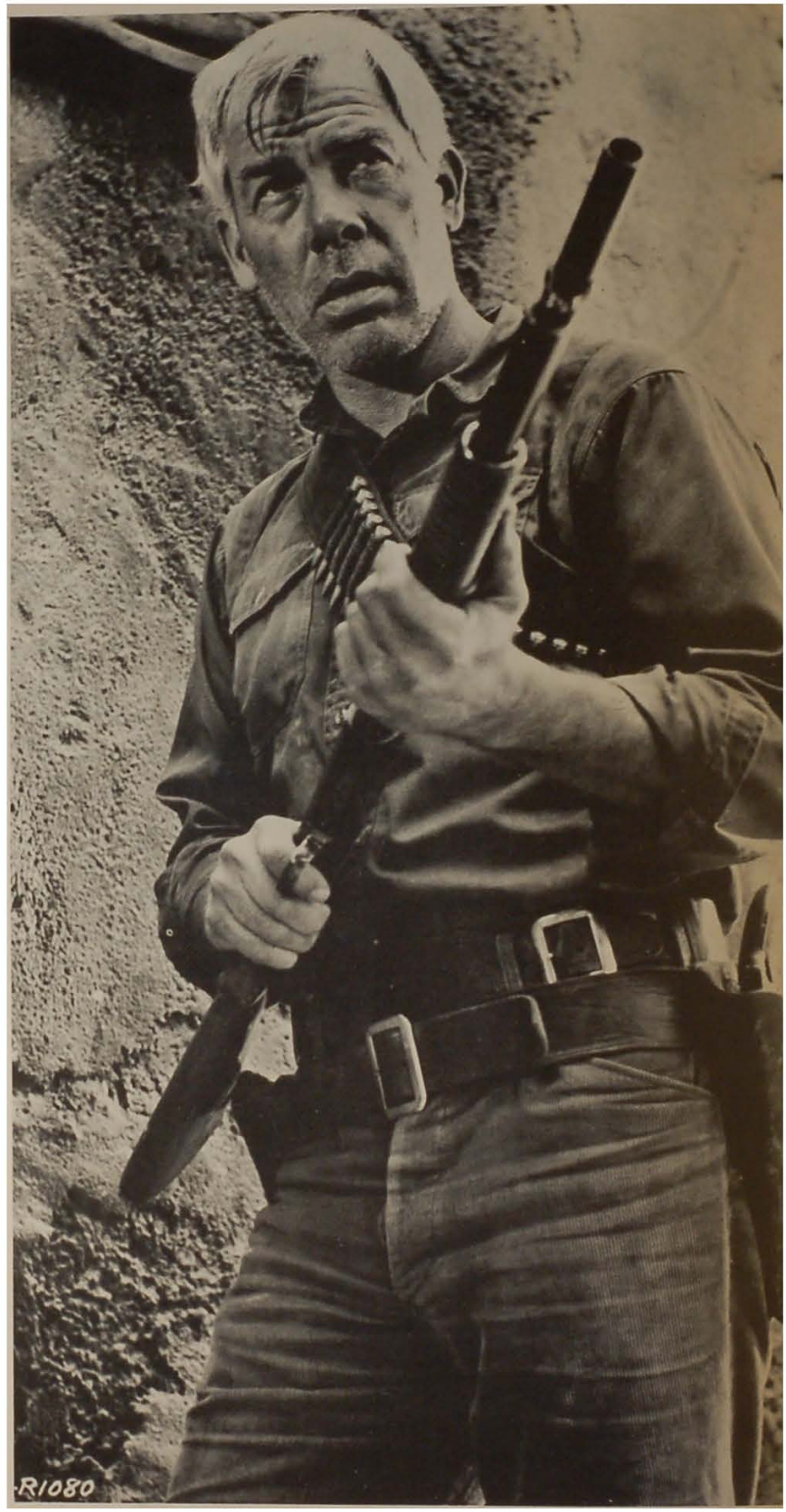
Not that Marvin didn't find it easy to get work in Hollywood--far from it. Hollywood must be compared unfavorably with Solomon in the matter of handling its stars, but it wasn't stupid enough to pass up a good actor like Lee Marvin. It didn't pass him up. It grabbed him up and typecast him as perhaps the most evil cat to ever step in front of a camera. Looking back, Marvin still does not like it; his being typed, however, did provide us with some of the best, unabashed entertainment since the early Cagney and Bogart. He was a real dirty rat, that Lee Marvin.

Remember the time in "The Big Heat" when he tossed a pot of scalding coffee in Gloria Grahame's face? Boy, was he ever a rat and did the audience love it! In another underworld sadist movie, "The Killers," which was basely rumored to be based on the Hemingway story, Lee Marvin had a great old time beating up blind people in an institution.

Marvin carried on like that for about fifteen years. Always, of course, he came to a terrible and completely justified end at the hands of the outraged hero. Even the early Bogart had some redeeming features; Lee Marvin never.

Recalling his early pictures, Marvin sums up the audience reaction this way. "As soon as people see my face on a movie screen, they know two things... First, I'm not going to get the girl and second, I'll get a cheap funeral before the picture is over."

Marvin got a cheap funeral in many of the seventy-five (now going on eighty) movies he has been in. Audiences were always delighted to see him get what was coming to him; they often had the uneasy feeling that something vital had gone out of the picture when Marvin bit the dust. Sure, the hero saved the girl and married her, which is as it should be, but the rest of the movie wasn't nearly as good as the beginning.



At his worst, Bogart was always funny, and so was Marvin. He's still wildly funny, of course, but we're talking here about that whole raft of scoundrels and nuts and blackguards and dirt-mean skunks that Marvin has portrayed so well throughout most of his movie career.

In some ways, Marvin was a better baddy than Bogart. Humphrey twitched and leered and shifted his neck inside his tie-pinned collar, and he was very good at it. He had to be: he invented it. Even so, there was always the feeling that Bogart was playing it for laughs. Unless you were an unusually fearful type, you knew that here was a skilled actor turning in a nasty performance.

Marvin, though, made you believe in his psychotics. That's how good an actor he is. Looking at him on the screen, even while you were admiring his acting, you were inclined to wonder how he knew so much about lunacy unless...

When you feel that about an actor, whatever part he's playing, you have paid him the highest compliment. Let Marvin talk as much as he likes to interviewers. Let Lee Marvin pontificate all he wants to about the sort of roles he wants to play in the future; it was in some of those forgotten flicks that he did his best acting.

Now that Marvin has an Oscar, some people would have us believe that here is an actor who has just been "discovered" after fifteen years of neglect. This is not true. Long before he came to the attention of the Motion Picture Academy and the people who watch television as a way of life, Lee Marvin had his fans. Some of them were the same people who were Bogart fans years before he went good-bad and sour-sentimental in "Casablanca" and let Ingrid Bergman fly off to America with that evergreen Resistance fighter, Paul Heinreid.

Over the years some of these same fans just naturally assumed that because Marvin played all these mean characters that he must have grown up in rather primitive circumstances. But they thought much the same thing about Bogart, who was descended from a very old New York family and whose mother was a famous illustrator.

So it is with Marvin. Far from being a roughneck, at least by birth, the six-foot-three actor is a descendant of Mathew Marvin, first Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut, and of Ross G. Marvin, an assistant to Admiral Peary on two Polar expeditions and who died with the explorer in 1909 when he was only twenty-seven. The first American Marvin came to this country from England with Thomas Hooker in 1634.

Marvin was born in New York City on February 19, 1924. His father, Lamont W. Marvin, is an advertising executive, and his mother, Courtenay W. Marvin, is a magazine beauty editor and cosmetics consultant. His brother Robert is an artist.

Marvin's first ambition was to become an Andrew Mellon-type tycoon. So after graduating from high school he got a job as a runner for a Wall Street company at $16.50 a week. As soon as he had saved enough money he got a fishing rod which somehow led to the loss of his financial district job. Soon after that he became interested in acting, an old ambition.

Marvin's first appearance on the legitimate stage was in 1947 in summer stock with the Maverick Players at Woodstock, N. Y. He played Texas in "Roadside." After that he performed with various rep companies in New England, and made his Broadway debut with a good role in "Billy Budd," which starred Dennis King. He also did two ANTA shows, "19th Hole of Europe" and "Uniform of Flesh," went on tour with the Theater Guild's presentation of "The Hasty Heart," and appeared on several top New York radio and television programs in dramatic parts.

Television brought him to the attention of director Henry Hathaway, who signed him for a movie role with Gary Cooper in "You're in the Navy Now." After that came roles in such pictures as "We're Not Married," "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," "Eight Iron Men," "The Wild One," "The Caine Mutiny, "Bad Day at Black Rock," "Pete Kelly Blues," "Attack," and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance."

In "Liberty Valance" and another John Wayne horse opera na- "The Comancheros," Marvin pioneered the wild, half-cracked border ruffian that, with some character changes, won him an Oscar in "Cat Ballou."

With the exception of a half-hour TV show called "M Squad," in which he played tough, terse Lt. Ballinger, Marvin has always been a mean guy. "I love violence," he says. As TIME magazine put it, "After getting bounced from elevent different prep schools, he tried war. As a Marine scout-snipers, he made 21 island landings until 'some Jap bastard on Saipan' got him just below the spine; he spent 13 months learning how to move again."

Marvin, therefore, doesn't just act tough: he is tough. Tough and outspoken because, by temperament, he couldn't be anything else. TIME magazine may write that Marvin's war wound was located "just below the spine." He says he was "shot in the behind." The old wound has long since healed. However, Marvin still gets a stiff pain in the same region when he doesn't like something or when people try to put him on. Once, filming a TV segment at San Quentin, one of the convicts remarked that he didn't look much like an actor and asked if he had ever been in the rackets. Lee took it as a compliment.

LINDA

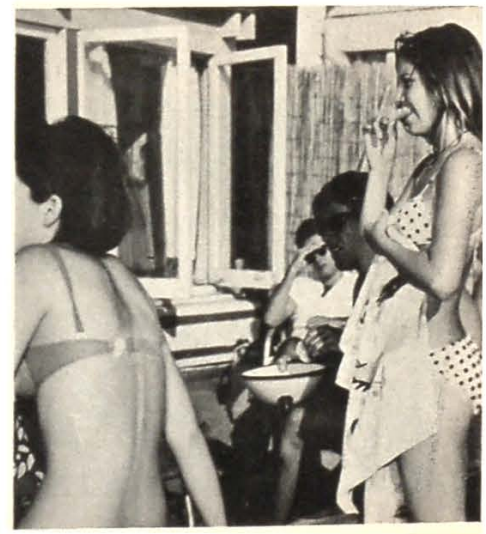
MY LINDA SAYS THERE'S NOT A MAN
OF ALL THE MANY THAT SHE KNŌWS,
SHE'D RATHER BED THAN ME, NOT ONE,
THOUGH FRANK HIMSELF WERE TO PROPOSE.

SHE SAYS SO, BUT WHAT WOMAN SAYS
TO SOME POOR CHAP WHO THINKS HE'S GOT HER,
'TIS ONLY FIT IT SHOULD BE WRIT
IN SMOKE OR IN THE RUNNING WATER.

TRACY'S

BEACH PARTY

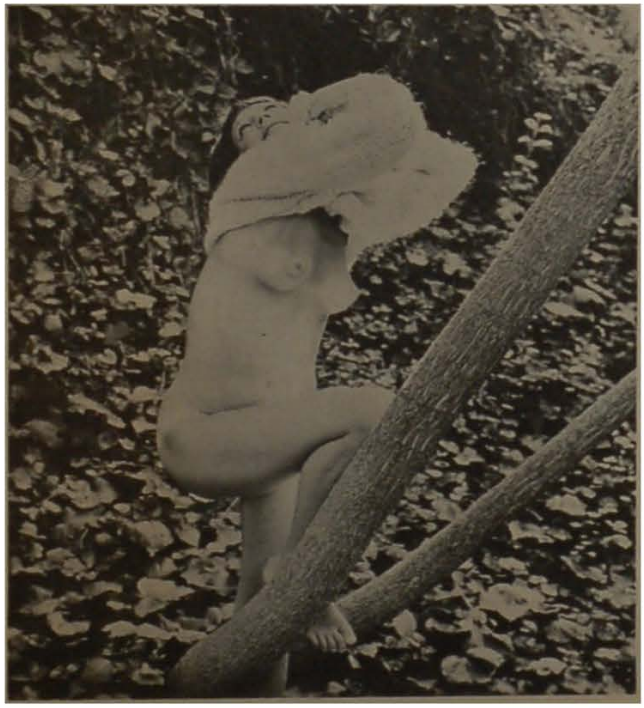
THERE ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THAN SURFBOARDS ON THE BEACHES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND WHILE THIS FACT DELIGHTS THE PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER IT REALLY DOESN'T MAKE HIS WORK EASIER. FIRST THERE IS THE PROBLEM OF DECIDING WHICH GIRL TO CHOOSE OUT OF ALL THE GIRLS ON THE BEACH. THEN THERE IS THE PROBLEM OF THE GIRL HERSELF. IN THE CASE OF TRACY FIELDS THERE WERE NO PROBLEMS AT ALL. TRACY IS TALENTED WITHOUT BEING TEMPERAMENTAL, CUTE BUT NOT TOO CUTE. AND SHE DEFINITELY ISN'T THE KIND OF GIRL WHO GOES TO THE BEACH AND WAITS TO BE DISCOVERED BY



A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER. ON THE DAY THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE MADE AT MALIBU, TRACY AND HER FRIENDS HAD NOTHING MORE SERIOUS IN MIND THAN A REAL, SWINGING, SOUTHERN CAL-STYLE BEACH PARTY. TRACY, THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER OF THE MALIBU RAT PACK, WHICH HAS EVEN MORE FUN THAN THAT OTHER MORE FAMOUS RAT PACK, LIKES TO ORGANIZE FUN PARTIES. YOU MIGHT SAY SHE IS ENERGETIC IN A RELAXED SORT OF WAY. LAST WINTER SHE LED HER FAITHFUL LITTLE BAND OF SUN AND FUN LOVERS ON TWO TRIPS TO ASPEN, COLORADO. NEXT WINTER, IF THE GANG HAS ENOUGH EXTRA LOOT, SHE HOPES TO LEAD THEM ON A CHARTER FLIGHT TO THE FRENCH ALPS--THE NEWEST "IN" PLACE FOR THE SKI CROWD. TRACY, AN OUTGOING GIRL, LIKES OUR PHOTOGRAPHER SO MUCH SHE WANTS HIM TO GO ALONG AS THE "TRACY FIELDS RAT PACK OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER. HE SAYS HE WANTS

TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, BUT NOBODY WE KNOW IS TAKING BETS THAT HE WON'T GO ALONG. FOR HIS PART, OUR CAMERAMAN IS SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT TRACY'S POTENTIAL THAT HE HE HAS ABANDONED HIS TRADITIONAL RESERVE AND SAID THAT IN HIS CONCEITED OPINION TRACY HAS THE TALENT TO BECOME AN ABSOLUTELY FIRST RATE MODEL, PERHAPS EVENTUALLY THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS. "SHE HAS A NATURAL GRACE THAT CAN'T BE TAUGHT," HE SAYS, AND HE SHOULD KNOW AFTER THE HUNDREDS OF MARVELOUS CHICKS HE HAS MET

OVER THE YEARS HE HAS BEEN AIMING HIS CAMERA AT STREAMLINED FORMS. "SHE'S EVEN AN EXAMPLE OF INNATE GRACE ON A ROCKING BOAT," SAYS HE ENTHUSIASTICALLY. "THE REST OF US HAD ALL WE COULD DO TO KEEP OUR FEET, BUT THERE WAS TRACY SWINGING AROUND THE BOAT LIKE A SEAGOING BALLERINA." DESPITE OUR MAN'S ASSURANCE THAT HE IS A PHOTOGRAPHER AND NOT A STARMAKER,

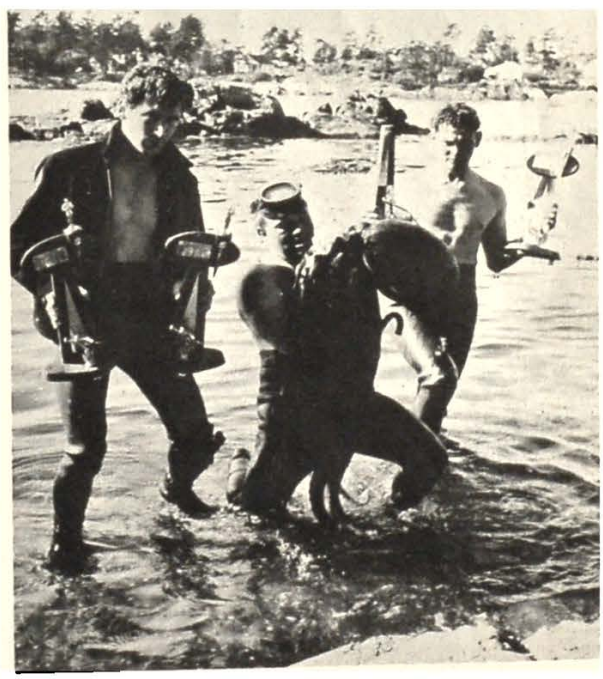


SOME OF TRACY'S RAT PACKERS ARE MORE THAN A LITTLE NERVOUS THAT FAME AND FORTUNE WILL CLAIM THEIR GO-GO LEADER AS SOON AS THE AGENTS WITH THE SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLAR FOOT WEAR SEE THESE PICTURES OF TRACY AND START THINKING OF HER IN TERMS OF EXCLUSIVE CONTRACTS, P.A. TOURS, GOSSIP COLUMN ITEMS, PRODUCT ENDORSEMENTS--ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF

BEAUTY and the so called beast of the sea.

A skin-diver holds muscular tentacle on high revealing suckers on arms..

First prize winers, Allen and Bill Hook, hold trophies somewhat gingerly as their team member Lee McGregor staggers under the weight of one of their octopuses.



The divers work with snorkels and masks only during the first two hours of the derby, don underwater breathing apparatus for the final climactic 60 minutes of the three hour derby. Sacking their catches, they have the octopuses weighed on shore, then place them in tanks of salt water until the judging is completed. In the tanks, the octopuses must undergo fascinated scrutiny by shuddering humans -- but the reaction may be mutual, since the octopus has highly developed eyes. After the trophies were handed out, six of the prize octopuses were shipped off to the marine aquarium in Seattle and the less regal creatures were returned to the briney deep to await the next derby.

NEXT MONTH

THE TEXAN & THE VIRGIN - A FANTASTIC TALE OF TERROR BY BRAM STOKER, THE DUBLIN-BORN WRITER WHO PRACTICALLY INVENTED THE HORROR GAME BY CREATING THE BIG DADDY OF ALL THE GHOULS, "COUNT DRACULA." HERE HE TELLS WHAT HAPPENS TO AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

HAMILTON: CHAMPION PHOTOGRAPHER BILL HAMILTON IS ONE GUY WHO REALLY GETS AROUND. THIS TIME THE HAMILTON CAMERA ZOOMS IN FOR A CLEAR LOOK AT THE SWINGING CITY OF MILAN. MILAN HAS A FAMOUS OPERA HOUSE. BUT WHO NEEDS OPERA WITH ALL THOSE FANTASTIC GIRLS?

WHEN THE RED LIGHTS BURNED BRIGHT - WITH TYPEWRITER IN HAND CRITIC AND SOCIAL COMMENTATOR EVERETT CASE TAKES A STROLL DOWN MEMORY LANE TO THOSE ENLIGHTENED DAYS WHEN THE RED LIGHTS BURNED BRIGHT IN THE WINDOW AT MADAME FIFI'S.

GOLDWATER said it... JOHNSON did it... GOLDWATER WANTED TO TALK LOUDLY AND CARRY A BIG STICK. JOHNSON STILL BELIEVES IN TALKING SOFTLY, BUT THAT BIG STICK HE HAS BEEN WAVING ABOUT REALLY BELONGS TO GOLDWATER. WAS GOLDWATER RIGHT ALL THE TIME?

America's foremost designers, manufacturers, and distributors of *Seduction Lingerie*

C—QUEEN OF THE NIGHT. Picture you enveloped in a cloud of sheer, soft nylon. You'll feel and look like a dream in every exquisite yard that falls softly around your form ... from shoulder to floor. Sizes S-M-L. Black, white, red only $9.98

FOR EXTRA GLAMOUR

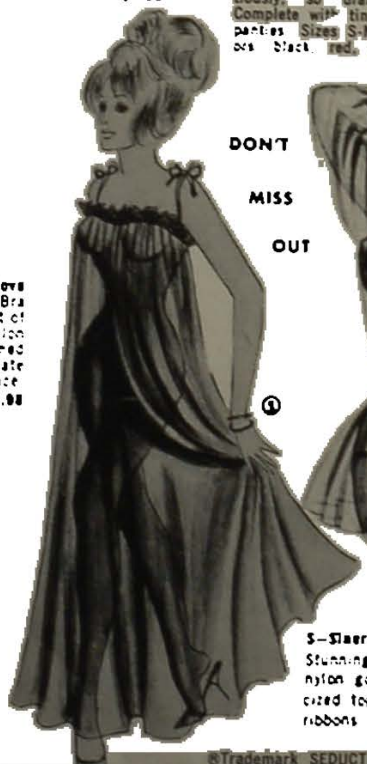
Bra Style #3000
Rayon satin open slip bra. Stitched cup for uplift. Black only. Sizes 32-38. $4.98

Pantie Style #3000
Nylon Bikini with lace trim. Black, White or Red $1.98

A—THE TWIST. . . . That old black magic of fringe making pulses pound . . . revealing you so flirtatiously, so dramatically. Complete with tiny fringed panties. Sizes S-M-L. Colors Black, red, or white $12.98

L—SWEET DREAMS. A enchanting, luxurious all lace baby doll with lace panties to match. Black, red or white. S-M-L $6.98

T—Mad Love
Peek A Boo Bra and Panty set of sheer nylon tricot trimmed with delicate French lace. $4.98



DON'T MISS OUT

IT'S A MUST

S—Slearama
Stunningly long sheer nylon gown with elasticized top and adjustable ribbons $9.98

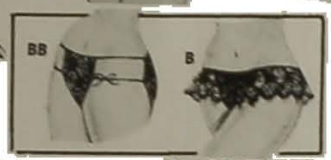
F — YUM-YUM. Hangs in the right spot of fabric at the right time with many a sigh. ... with the [illegible] daring [illegible] pants of Black, red or white. S-M-L $6.98

matching briefs. Black, red, white, blue, green and lilac. S-M-L $5.98

J — PEEK SNOW. Daring [illegible] peek-a-boo bra [illegible] cleavage and [illegible] bow and satin [illegible] with matching [illegible] pants of Black, red or white. S-M-L $5.99

R—My Desire
Exquisite sheer nylon scoopneck babydoll trimmed with beautiful French laces ... panty to match ... $5.98

M—COQUETTE. [illegible] sheer nylon [illegible] with elastic [illegible] and [illegible] lace trimmed with matching [illegible] Black, red, white, [illegible] green and lilac. S-M-L $6.98



BB — G-PARTY. Be brief and to the point. Black lace with the necessary glamour strings. Sizes S-M-L $1.98

B — BALLET TU TU. Styled for attention the lace effect makes this as sweet as can be! Sizes S-M-L $2.98

ALL EXTRA LARGE SIZES ADD $2.00 TO COST

H — TEMPTRESS. Whisperingly sheer nylon jacket provocatively cut, trimmed in exquisite lace, belted at the waist. Comes with matching daring bikini briefs. Red, white, blue, black or orchid. S-M-L $6.98

G — TORRID NIGHTS. Elastic mesh, in Black or Nude. Short, medium, and Pair $7.95

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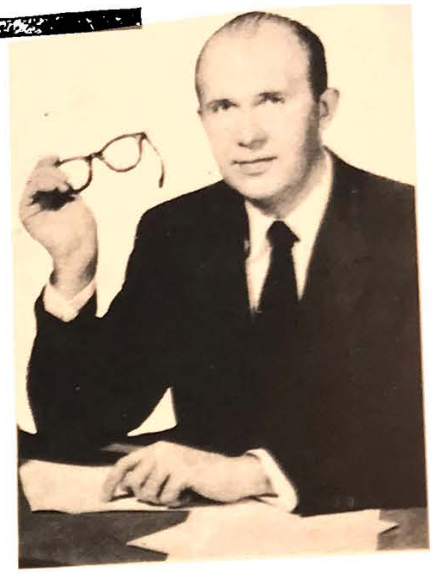
How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...
"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute,* 555 E. Lang St., Mundelein, Ill. *No salesman will call.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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